THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Vol. 12 *Summer* · 1943 *No.* 3

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will mean in these days when "the . . . world-revolution is compelling many of us to rethink the foundations of our own system of political, industrial, and social organization, and to understand the forces which threaten them. . . . A magazine which reports advancing science and thought, and interprets the meanings of the changing scene and of the conflicting ideas and forces should find a constantly enlarging constituency." —Φ B K Council, 1940

As IN THIS NUMBER, coming issues will present discussions of current interest and long-term significance:

Psychological Treatments Following Brain Operations

Benjamin Franklin as Scientist and Citizen

The Cult of Competency

Neglect of the American Composer

Intellectual Criticism

America's Study of Hypnosis

Mahan and the Machine Age

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Emerson said, "The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. . . . Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions,— these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of today,— this he shall hear and promulgate."

The name of this quarterly is the title of Ralph Waldo Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address delivered at Harvard in 1837, called by James Russell Lowell "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals," and by Oliver Wendell Holmes "our intellectual Declaration of Independence."

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Editorial

Henry Steele Commager

PRESIDENT CONANT called recently for American radicals. The career of Albert Brisbane, celebrated in Mr. Madison's essay, suggests that the demand is not for the creation of a new but the revival of an older breed. There was radicalism a-plenty a century ago, both of thought and of action: we have steadily grown tame. The radicalism of the 1840's and '50's did not embellish itself with frayed linen or a soiled vocabulary; it was philosophical and unostentatious. Then, as Emerson tells us, "a restless, prying, conscientious criticism broke out in unexpected quarters." Then every institution was called before the bar of reason and asked to justify itself — the church, the state, property, the family, the school, the press. Where institutions were found wanting — and the standards were high — radicals promptly set about their reformation. Garrison blasted the slavocracy; Parker attacked the citadels of religious orthodoxy; Horace Mann championed public education; Wendell Phillips, woman's rights; Neal Dow, temperance; George Henry Evans, land reform. Those who, like Brisbane, despaired of reform or were dazzled by the vision of perfection, took refuge in flight. Brisbane, Owen, Alcott, Ballou, Noyes — each sought to solve the problems of their society by running away and making a better one. For a time every man you met was likely to pull the blueprint of his private Utopia out of his coat pocket; and scores of these, each solving the problems of the ages by some special repudiation of property or meat and drink or the marriage tie, flickered and died.

As American radicalism has become less respectable it has become less radical, and today while we engage in witch-hunts against "radicals" we have forgotten the meaning of the word

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and have forgotten, too, its tradition. We fear scrutiny of our institutions; the Congress guards us against servants who entertain ideas inimical to our form of government, and state legislatures anticipate the future by protecting us from the teaching of ideas "hostile to those now or henceforth existing under the Constitution and laws" of the state. We tend even, in our zeal for conformity and our complacency about an American system or an American way of life, to tame and prettify our historic radicals and to apologize for their excess of enthusiasm: we celebrate the Emerson who loved Nature and cherished scholarship and forget the radical who asked, "What is man born for but to be a reformer?"

The radicalism of free inquiry, of reform, and of change, is an essential part of the American tradition — perhaps the most characteristic part of it, for nature and history conspired here to create the most favorable conditions for the reformation of all institutions. It is clear that the radicalism of Brisbane is less relevant to our purposes than the radicalism of Emerson; for if we have learned anything from the history of the last century it is that radicalism is effective only in society and that the problems which confront us are not to be solved by flight — either the flight from society or the more modern and fashionable flight from reason. There is no logic either in flight or in despair. Democracy encourages criticism and change. It is not so much a particular democratic or republican system we are fighting for, now, as the right to choose the kind of system we want. It is too commonly forgotten that the greatest of American political institutions, the constitutional convention, is designed to legalize revolution.

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Less Moonlight and Roses

Louis B. Wright

THROUGH the happy conspiracy of fiction writers, their readers, motion pictures, and an occasional historian we have created a rosy myth about life in colonial Virginia during the period when the future fathers of the country were learning manners and getting the education that would make them statesmen. The literate public has come to believe in the Tidewater legend to the effect that every planter was a gentleman — indeed, a very ornamental cavalier, gallant with the ladies and ready to fight a duel at the flutter of a glove. The very perfection of Mr. Rockefeller's restoration of Colonial Williamsburg — a restoration that has utilized the painstaking research of sundry scholars to insure accuracy — has helped to confirm this belief. If Williamsburg was such a gem of good taste and beauty what a galaxy of gay and gracious aristocrats must have composed society in eighteenth century Virginia! The visitor to Williamsburg cannot conceive of colonial Virginians as less than glossy dandies, forever idling in this polished paradise. Even the town gaol is spotless and fragrant with herbs and flowers. But if we get a wrong impression in Williamsburg it is not the fault of Mr. Rockefeller's re-creation of the ancient capital. He and his co-workers have had an almost reverential care for the facts of history. Our misconception comes from a secret desire to see the lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen whom we have met in novels. To many of us, colonial life — *that* colonial life — has become a fairy tale, stuff of moonlight and roses, pleasant to dream about but lacking strength and substance.

The sober truth is that colonial Virginia did develop the most cultivated society on the American continent prior to the Revolu-

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tionary War and that that society produced a group of leaders and statesmen unparalleled in our subsequent history. But it was not a society of fluff and feathers. The aristocrats who dwelt in Williamsburg and in the great plantation houses in the Tidewater region were a hardworking lot, intent upon the architecture of their fortunes, determined to procure the means to be landed gentlemen in the English manner. Many of them had come from simple origins, but land and the wealth that it brought had enabled them to imitate the gentry of the mother country. Most significant of all, these planters carried over into Virginia not merely the outward forms of aristocracy but a remarkable sense of social responsibility. The so-called cavaliers in Virginia had no time to be idle fops; they were too busy making a living, establishing families, and governing the country. They also felt obliged to cultivate their minds, pay some attention to religion, and see that their children got the rudiments of a classical education. Though they were far from perfect in either manners or morals they had strength, ambition, and such a keen sense of obligation to support the State that they were ready to fill even tedious and unremunerative public offices. When militia duty was required they served without complaint. Of the heroics of popular romance, however, there was none. Dueling was practically unknown. That refinement of chivalry had to wait until our ancestors had steeped themselves in the tales of Sir Walter Scott.

Because original documents giving a true account of daily life in colonial Virginia have been scanty, romancers have had a fertile field. But within the last year or two several extraordinary records have come to light that will enable us henceforth to view this nursery of statesmen realistically. The effect of these new documents is to dim the glittering colors of earlier pictures; at the same time they increase our perception of the strength and virtues of that society.

Historians have lamented the dearth in the southern colonies of such detailed diaries as those kept by Cotton Mather, Samuel Sewall, and other New Englanders. But in 1939, in the Huntington Library in California, there was discovered a Virginia diary that for detail and frank speaking outdid Mather and Sewall.

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It was the daily record kept in shorthand by William Byrd of Westover over a period of nearly four years, from February 6, 1709 to September 29, 1712. No personal detail was too intimate, no happening too trivial or dull, to find a place in the journal. With the abandon of a Pepys, Byrd set down his actions good and bad, safe in the assurance that no one would ever crack his cipher.

In California, however, a land unknown to Byrd, a librarian who had made a study of archaic shorthand proved his undoing. Between research tasks in the Huntington Library, Marion Tinling pondered the pothooks used by early writers of shorthand. When Byrd's journal turned up she went to work on it, and within six months the document was fully transcribed. Bearing the title, *The Secret Diary of William Byrd of Westover, 1709–1712*, the diary, running to 622 pages, was published in September 1941 by the Dietz Press, in Richmond, not far from the very spot where Byrd himself had laid out that city. Two other portions are now known and a second volume has recently been published. With cruel finality the books sweep out much romantic nonsense that lovers of fiction had learned to treasure.

William Byrd was the most ornamental gentleman of his day, probably the most cultivated American of the first half of the eighteenth century. He was a member of the Royal Society of London, the familiar friend of Wycherley, Congreve, and many another author of prominence. Throughout his life he kept up a correspondence with the Earl of Orrery, the Duke of Argyle, and other noblemen. His ancestral seat at Westover on the James was baronial in extent and luxurious in its appointments. Many an American tourist in the twentieth century, with envy in his heart, has wandered over the great lawn leading down to the river. In the house could be found the finest library in America and a gallery of portraits by some of the best artists of Europe. The lord of Westover belonged to the ruling clique who controlled the colony, and he himself at one time or another held most of the important public offices. Surely here, if ever, was to be found the storybook cavalier.

Actually Byrd was a hard-working man, so heavily invested that he was often in want of ready cash. To his dying day he was

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constantly revolving schemes of real-estate promotion to increase his revenues. From early morning until late at night he gave his attention to a thousand and one details concerned with the operation of his plantations. He personally superintended the planting of his orchards and gardens and the planning of his crops, and although he had overseers to carry out his orders he supervised the management of farms from Westover to Richmond; he operated a sawmill and a gristmill; prospected for coal, iron, and copper; bought up tobacco and shipped it to London; and occasionally dealt in slaves. His father had made money trading in rum and furs with the Indians, and the son continued the traffic as long as it was profitable. When illnesses visited his family, his slaves, or his neighbors Byrd personally dosed them, for he fancied himself something of a doctor. Because he believed that a gentleman should be a learned man, he set himself a discipline of study that would have shamed a cloistered monk: often he got up at three in the morning and read Hebrew, Greek, or Latin till breakfast, which consisted of a bowl of warm milk. In the evening he sweetened his reading with a sermon, usually one of Archbishop John Tillotson's.

Though Byrd — like most of his contemporaries — had little time for gaiety, he was no recluse and saint. If his frivolities lacked the dainty grace of Arcadian romance, they were infinitely more real and effective. When he went to Williamsburg to attend meetings of the Council of State he and his fellow-planters broke over. They drank deep and played late, and Byrd usually lost a tidy sum at dice or cards. He worried over his losses and periodically resolved to quit gambling unless his luck improved. He had an eye for every woman who passed, whether chambermaid or planter's wife, and he missed few chances to solicit their affections. A surprising number of chambermaids turned him down. Not even the presence of his wife completely dampened his ardor. One evening after an exciting game of cards with Mrs. Chiswell, wife of a Williamsburg citizen, he "kissed her on the bed till she was angry and my wife also was uneasy about it and cried as soon as the company was gone." Not even fastidiousness, which one associates with the cavaliers, restrained Byrd. He could solicit a

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kiss from a Negro girl as well as from a planter's wife — a fact he boldly writes down with complete lack of regret.

Plantation life was not the smooth, well-ordered existence of the legend. Westover, which we visit today and think of as the perfection of aristocratic elegance, knew much disorder and crudeness. Servants, more often than not, were untrained, ignorant, and slatternly. Indeed, the servant problem was one of Byrd's trials. On one occasion when his patience was exhausted he rose from the table and kicked the cook out of the dining room for bringing in the bacon half raw. But Westover was probably better run than many other planters' houses — Byrd frequently complains about the cooking and the drink at the home of his brother-in-law, John Custis, and he remarks that the beds at Colonel Dudley Digges' smelled so bad he could hardly sleep. Even Governor Spotswood had trouble keeping his servants in order. To be certain that house servants would be sober enough to serve the guests attending a great ball in the Governor's Palace in celebration of the Queen's birthday in 1711, Spotswood allowed them all to get drunk the next day by permission.

Manners in the eighteenth century were courtly, but not always so courtly as we have supposed. Men and women quarreled publicly and occasionally railed like fishwives. The noblest ornaments of society were sometimes drunk in public. If we may believe Byrd's statement, Mrs. James Blair, a member of the Harrison family and wife of the highest ranking official of the Church of England, was habitually tipsy. She it was whom Daniel Parke, Byrd's father-in-law (and grandfather of Martha Washington's first husband), threatened to drag bodily from her pew in Bruton Church because of her talk and her husband's sermon condemning his adultery. The Reverend Arthur Blackamore was dismissed from his teaching post at William and Mary College for repeated drunkenness. George Mason, grandfather of the author of the Virginia Bill of Rights, was drunk in the House of Burgesses, but that fact would have gone unobserved had he not betrayed Byrd as the author of a scurrilous lampoon on his fellow-members.

If anybody ever thought of settling a quarrel by resort to swords at dawn, William Byrd never mentions it. Quarrels resulting in

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litigation, in fist fights, and in family rows are described, but never does Byrd suggest that dueling was part of a Virginian's code. The reason for the omission is obvious. Dueling was not common in the Colony.

The record of the daily routine of men and women who ruled Virginia destroys many illusions about their grandeur, but it also reveals another aspect of their lives — a stronger, more rugged side that gives a clue to an understanding of the leadership they and their sons assumed. When we see these Virginians in their everyday clothes, without the silks and brocades worn when their portraits were painted, we realize that they were determined, forceful men, creating in the wilderness a society that would one day make a great nation. Often they worked under tremendous handicaps, handicaps that agrarian society still suffers: low prices, over-production, high freights, a wasteful economy. But they stuck to their guns and succeeded in establishing themselves as independent, fearless citizens of a commonwealth that prized its heritage of the common law, the traditions and the rights of free Englishmen. With all their ambition to acquire land and wealth — amounting at times to inordinate greed — they never made wealth an end in itself. Property they accumulated to establish their families that they might take their proper place as leaders in society. They enjoyed the emoluments and prestige of ruling, to be sure, but they had inherited from the Renaissance a tradition of obligation and responsibility that went with power. With all their shortcomings, the gentlemen-planters of the early eighteenth century created a society that could produce Washington, Jefferson, Marshall, and other statesmen who shaped a nation.

The most striking evidence in the documents that have recently come to light is the revelation of how hard the cavaliers worked. No contemporary businessman slaves longer hours at his desk than did these men in the management of their estates. Yet somehow they contrived to salvage time to cultivate their minds and to accept their share of civic responsibility.

One of the best examples of the "working gentleman" was Robert Carter of Corotoman, called "King" Carter because of his pride and the magnitude of his landed holdings. Like Byrd, his

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contemporary, Carter is traditionally remembered as a grandee, a silken gentleman, engaging in the gaieties of Tidewater society. Actually Carter, the progenitor of the most numerous clan of Virginia aristocrats, spent most of his time in the exacting duties of managing his own estates and serving as agent for the Fairfax proprietary. A thin little manuscript volume of his letters, found in the Huntington Library and published in 1940, tells of his struggle to make a profit from growing and trading in tobacco. Not for a minute was Robert Carter negligent of business, as the cavaliers are traditionally supposed to have been. Like a hawk he watched every item of expense and every opportunity to make a profit. When his London factors were caught up in the speculative fever that culminated in the South Sea Bubble, Carter wrote urgent reproofs and warned against wildcat schemes of getting rich quickly. If other businessmen had taken his shrewd advice fewer investors would have been ruined in the South Sea crash.

But Carter had vital interests outside of business. Perhaps that typical quality accounts for the distinction achieved by this group of colonials. Although the planter of Corotoman amassed great wealth and died in possession of 300,000 fertile acres, money did not possess his mind. He was interested in classical learning and in religion. One finds scattered through his business letters observations which showed concern for intellectual and spiritual matters. To his agents in England he sent careful instructions about the supervision of his sons' education: they were to be placed in good English schools where they could learn the Latin tongue in the manner taught by Comenius, and they were to be brought up in the Church of England — though Carter wanted them to acquire no High-Church forms and ceremonies, no "high-flown up-top notions" that are "but the shell" of "practical godliness." In his substantial library Carter could read not only the best of the classics but sound works of history, law, and religion. If his personal piety did not achieve perfection, he nevertheless believed that good government and a decent way of life demanded respect for religion, and he set an example to his own community by regular attendance at Christ Church. Nor was he too busy to read extensively in sermon literature. Dr. John Scott's

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Christian Life was one of his favorite works — one that he quoted in an angry letter to his factor, William Dawkins.

On occasion Robert Carter could celebrate merrily with bottle and cards with his fellow Councillors in Williamsburg, but neither he nor any of the others were idle dandies, living lives of flippant pleasure. That kind of cavalier was unknown in the early eighteenth century Virginia. His correspondence amply attests a stern application to the realistic necessities of life.

Sober historians long ago realized that we had created a purely fictitious picture of the colonial aristocracy. More than thirty years ago Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, a native Virginian, published a corrective book called *Patrician and Plebeian in Virginia;* but certain superpatriots still regard that book as rank heresy because the author ventured to point out, among other things, that very, very few of the families of the ruling class amounted to anything before they landed on the shores of Virginia. Ancestor worshipers had come to believe that their progenitors derived from royal, or at least ducal, stock. King Edward III appears in scores of genealogies. The Harrison family, in a gorgeous record of ancestral splendor, began their heritage with Chilperic, King of the Burgundians (about 450 A.D.); Egbert, King of Wessex; Robert, Count of Anjou; Henry the Fowler, King of Germany and Emperor-elect; Bernard, King of Italy; and Charles Martel, Duke of Austrasia. The published family tree looks like a medieval League of Nations. Most families, however, were content if they could somehow show that William the Conqueror was their ancient grandsire, though his illegitimacy is known to have troubled more than one Virginia family. Gradually, however, a more realistic attitude has manifested itself, even among amateurs of history, and a sounder concept of colonial civilization is developing.

The research department of Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated, recently took a step which promises to put the resources of that magnificent organization behind the honest interpretation of history. Not content merely with the accurate restoration of physical structures, the Williamsburg authorities, with Mr. Rockefeller's blessing, have begun to reconstruct and interpret

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the less tangible records of life. A committee of historians has been chosen to supervise the appointment of research fellows from the leading universities. These students, with financial assistance from the Foundation, are already beginning to dig into the evidence surviving from the past. A publication program, designed to make available not only contemporary records but interpretations of those records, is already in action.

The most recent historical volume published by Colonial Williamsburg, Incorporated — Louis Morton's study[1] of the life and times of Robert Carter of Nomini Hall, the grandson of "King" Carter of Corotoman — once more attacks the legend of the idle and frivolous cavalier and again refutes the belief that plantation life was the simple, patriarchal, and idyllic existence so often described. To escape bankruptcy a planter required skill, diligence, and a capacity for adaptation to changing conditions. Carter tried many experiments. When tobacco proved unprofitable, he turned to grains, especially wheat, and to hemp, flax, and even cotton. Finding slave labor wasteful, he developed a system of tenantry and hired laborers. Not content with merely growing agricultural products, he bought and sold wheat in large quantities, milled his own grains, sold flour and meal, and baked bread on a commercial scale in his own ovens. He manufactured textiles on his plantations, invested in a textile mill in Baltimore, owned an interest in the Baltimore Iron Works, and for several years operated a salt works at a handsome profit.

Carter was a man of immense versatility — like many another member of Virginia's ruling class. He read the best Latin and Greek authors, and especially delighted in history, philosophy, law, religion, science, and the theory of music. He was a musician, a skilled performer on several instruments. Of a philosophic turn of mind, he was eternally searching for an abiding faith and was by turns an Episcopalian, a deist, a Baptist, and a Swedenborgian. Yet despite his diversity of accomplishments, there was not a suggestion of the flippant courtier. A plantation was no place for the imitation of the manners and habits of a Georgian court.

[1] Mr. Morton found his material in countless letters and account books preserved principally at Duke University and in the Library of Congress.

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When we honestly appraise the civilization that the physical restoration of Williamsburg has brought so vividly to the nation's attention, we find a substance and a strength far more significant than the sugar-candy fables invented about it. The nearest approach to hereditary aristocracy in America developed there, but it was an aristocracy that placed emphasis on real values rather than on the outward shows of gentility. Imitating the county families of England, from whom only a few, a very few, Virginians could trace their lineage, they reproduced the better qualities of that older aristocracy. It was an imitation of the spirit, not the letter, of an earlier code of behavior. If new evidence destroys some of the imagined polish of the cavaliers, it conclusively proves, on the other hand, their concern for independence and free institutions and a sincere sense of the civic responsibility entailed in class privilege. Theirs was the training school for the leadership that brought success in the war for independence and a wise culmination of the peace. More nearly than we have generally supposed, the colonial ruling class in Virginia was an aristocracy of intelligence and enterprise, rather than of birth and inherited position.

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Formosa and Japan's "Peace"

Anonymous

THE infrequent visitor who gained admittance to the island of Formosa in recent years could see about him all the physical evidence of "Peace in Greater East Asia," of the orderliness and relative prosperity brought by the "New Order" of Imperial Japan. When he contrasted conditions there with the more backward and confused life on the continent of Asia, he might think it unreasonable that non-Japanese have resisted Japanese efforts to establish and spread a "New Order." Only upon closer study does one see that the "order" is imposed by a conquering nation and maintained by force, and that the "peace" is superficial and does not spring from the tranquility of a well-integrated society.

A background for Japan's program of expansion may be found in the eighteenth century, when in Japan as in Europe the attention of intellectual leaders shifted from morals to economics, and, as the economic nature of the national ills became apparent, serious attempts were made to correct them by developing political programs. One of the most interesting proposals made was that of a scholarly mathematician named Honda Toshiyuki. His nine-point "Program for Managing the Country" envisaged the development and regulation of Japan's internal economy, the expansion of foreign trade, and the development of colonies not only in the northern islands, but in Siberia and the South Seas, to provide markets and sources of supply. Honda's "Program" was one of the earliest clear statements of an urge to expand, to move on, to conquer, an urge later justified by the mystical doctrine of *Hakko Ichiu*, "The Eight Corners of the Universe under One Roof." Although the program as such received little official attention when it was proposed, every one of its measures has been the subject of vigorous action in recent years.

In carrying out her policies Japan has borrowed much from the

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West in the field of technology, and has invented no little diplomatic technique of her own. Now, with formidable military might, she is establishing her narrow idea of "peace" throughout East Asia. Though her informed leaders may be cynical, the uninformed masses have been persuaded that there is justice and reason in this "divine mission" for which they sacrifice. Japanese leaders boast proudly at home of their successes in Formosa and Korea, and promise much to the peoples of other areas who are to be "liberated" and brought within the "Co-prosperity Sphere."

More than forty years have passed since Japan brought peace to Formosa, and thirty since peace was imposed upon Korea. Among the peoples of these areas we may see the New Order in East Asia for what it is, and what it would mean in any parts of China, Indo-China, Thailand, the Philippines, Malaya, or the Indies, if they were to remain under the control of Imperial Japan.

The *Pax Japonica*, like the ancient *Pax Romana*, is a system of regulative law and order imposed by military might. In the ancient Western world this concept of order was enforced upon peoples of many kinds, from Roman Britain to the provinces of Syria and beyond. It was a stern regimen which disregarded the individual in seeking order within the state. At the heart of the Empire, among Roman citizens who shared the same manners and customs and economic life, the extent of the need for force on the fringes of the Empire, was not fully apparent. While the Empire was expanding, force alone made and kept good order. The same has been true of the Japanese Empire. The citizens at home in Japan proper (accustomed though they are to exhaustive regulation of their daily lives) can have no appreciation of the extent of force exerted on the lives of individual Formosans, and therefore cannot understand why these "ungrateful" folk resent the benefits of Japanization.

Pacare means "to defeat," "to conquer," "to set up law and order." In Rome *pax* came to mean, among other things, a legal situation resulting from the settlement of conflicting claims, always presupposing an action by which the settlement or "state of peace" was brought into being. This did not mean necessarily that mutual understanding had been reached, for it often in-

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cluded situations dictated and preserved by the stronger at the expense of the weaker party. *Pax Romana* guaranteed to citizens within the boundaries freedom from all outside interference. The Japanese are promising just such a guarantee (of freedom from European interference) to the peoples upon the continent of Asia. Romans were so proud of the rights and privileges available within the borders of the Empire that they began to use the term *Pax Romana* to represent the Imperial State itself. This is exactly what the Japanese tend to do when they rhapsodize on the glorious "Peace in Greater East Asia" and the "Imperial Way." In the Mediterranean world of his time the Roman found his law powerful through all the known civilized regions. Roman rule was imposed on everything. Life for a Roman was not really worth living beyond the borders of the Empire. A similar attitude is observed in Japanese who live in the colonies and those otherwise forced to live abroad. As the Roman saw it, law and order came first, and out of them grew naturally all the worth-while fruits of peace. At one period the Roman rulers tried to exploit a belief in the divinity of their Chief of State. Such a belief the Japanese have had from earliest times, and it remains the source of their most intense emotion. Wars beyond the borders of the Roman Empire were supported at almost any sacrifice in order to protect and preserve the peace within. Roman writers again and again stress the benefits of good roads, absence of customs duties, and absolute safety as the most significant characteristics of their *pax*, characteristics which they believed marked off the Romans from unruly and uncivilized barbarians without. The Empire meant the territories under Roman peace; had they known more of other continents it would have been an easy and natural extension of the imagination for Romans to dream of world-wide empire and a world at peace.

By the same token it is easy for the empire-builders of Japan, who believe fervently in the universal rôle to be played by the Imperial House, to dream, to talk, and to write of a peace coextensive with world empire. If Japanese law and order could be established throughout Asia, all the profits of peace as they conceive it would flow therefrom to the meanest tribe in the mountain

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hinterlands. The present Emperor Hirohito is known as *Showa Tenno*, or "Emperor of the Era of Enlightened Peace," and every effort is made to project him as the symbol of a new world order.

For such a "Co-prosperity Sphere," first of all imperial communications must be assured. As continental empire is most dependent upon the development and maintenance of roads and garrisons, so much more are island empires dependent upon control of sea-lanes, ports, and river mouths. In Europe, Roman legions tramped swiftly along fine highroads and maintained peace (i.e., order) from one end to the other. If Japan is to fasten control upon all of Asia, it must first seize and develop all possible means of communication. Thus becomes apparent the immense importance to be attached to each move to acquire islands and the peninsulas along the coast of Asia from the Kuriles to the Malay States and Indies. The strategic boundaries of the empire must be set up and defended against all odds while feverish development of land, sea, and air ways goes on within.

It would be interesting to know what European first wrote of an "emperor" and an "empire" of Japan. If the words are used to describe the central political or military control of diverse social units, they have no legitimate application to the Japanese government before 1873, when the King of the Liuchiu Islands was taken to Tokyo to receive investiture as a vassal. In 1879 his territories were annexed and he was relegated to the nobility. The early writers — Will Adams in 1602, for instance — seem to have been prompted in the use of "emperor" because of the semi-autonomy of the *daimyo* with whom the early traders dealt. Nevertheless the Shogun and the Mikado jointly ruled over a homogeneous social group.

Although the Liuchiu Islands differed somewhat in language, political life, and social ways, and had paid tribute for many years to China, the area was at once incorporated into Japan a full-fledged province. Sixteen years later Formosa was invaded and annexed, and the Japanese for the first time acquired a foreign colony and took control among wholly non-Japanese peoples and institutions.

Their first task was to crush resistance to occupation and their

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second was to pacify the social and ethnic groups already on the island. Rather mild and affable Chinese from Fukien Province, speaking several local dialects, have settled all the agricultural lowlands. Scattered among them are small villages of civilized aborigines called *Pepohoans*, people who have adopted Chinese dress and customs and have intermarried with the Chinese to some extent. A rougher, more aggressive Chinese element, called the *Hakka*, have come over from the hills of Kwantung Province and settled in well-defined areas on the plains and in the foothills bordering on aborigine territory. In the foothills and throughout the forests of the mountain ranges there are to be found the aborigines of a proto-Malay stock. They are divided into seven large groups, with numerous subdivisions in dialects and customs. Some are still untamed headhunters. From time immemorial these diverse peoples on Formosa have lived in relentless struggle among themselves. Rebellions against the Chinese imperial government, inter-clan and inter-village strife, and pitiless warfare with the aborigines have given the island a bad reputation since its early settlement. Into such turbulence came the Japanese. Skill in technical organization and utter ruthlessness in suppressive measures have established one kind of peace throughout the island.

It is noteworthy that the Japanese have more adequate words than ours with which to describe "peace" in its various shades of meaning. The Chinese character-compounds which are pronounced *heion*, *annon*, and *heian*, approximate the Greek word *eirene*, for they connote tranquillity of mind and spirit, easiness, and quiet calm. The word *annei* has a narrow meaning of local public peace and order. The word most frequently used, however, in translating (with inadequate qualification) the "Peace in Greater East Asia" slogan, is the word *heiwa* which in Japanese connotes calm and reconciliation after agitation or struggle, orderliness and regulation after disorder. This idea of order and regimentation elsewhere within the Japanese "Co-prosperity Sphere" approaches the fundamental idea of the Roman peace. Within Formosa it is little more than a truce.

There is in contrast, another kind of peace, the Greek *eirene*,

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closely akin to the state of happiness which our Revolutionary ancestors sought to pursue. It does not in itself mean a prerequisite to well-being (which orderliness often is) but is the state of well-being itself, attainable in an orderly community life. It is the opposite of war. It suggests for each individual a maximum opportunity for tranquillity, for mutual honor, for self-respect, for freedom of thought, and for the economic security which makes many of these things more possible. No such opportunity flourishes under the reign of Japanese "Peace in Greater East Asia." For instance, in Formosa there can be no tranquillity for the individual when the order about him is maintained by force, by garrisons of troops, and, far worse, by thousands of secret agents ready to spy, to report, and suddenly to pounce on the indiscreet, however obscure a subject he may be. There can be no mutual respect where every person, mindful of his own safety, and the safety of his family, must be suspicious of his neighbor and walk and talk guardedly anywhere outside the bamboo hedges of his own home. Neither can he have self-respect where he is made the object of legal and social discrimination by a race of smaller people for whom he holds a deep contempt. After forty-seven years of mastery, Japan's policy has been surprisingly unsuccessful. The history of the occupation and the subsequent improvement of general economic conditions is the history of a long failure to understand the nature of a peace which is more than order and pacification by force of arms.

When Formosa was surrendered, the Japanese took over a troublesome nest of brigands and an island whose harbors were full of piratical ships, whose low country farms and villages were swept frequently by roving bandits, and whose craggy mountains were filled with savage headhunters. In less than half a century the island has been transformed. The pirates have been driven out, the ports fortified and garrisoned, the bandits eliminated, the aborigines for the most part tamed or exterminated. There is a uniform Japanese political administration, with an active Admiral as Governor-General at the top of a hierarchy of colonial Japanese which reaches down to the half-educated policeman in lonely mountain outposts. Unlike the liberal political attitude of

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the Romans, under the Japanese a political gulf exists between the conquerors and the subject peoples. There are now approximately five and one-half million Formosans of Chinese ancestry and about one hundred and fifty thousand straggling aborigines. A population of less than three hundred thousand resident Japanese rules Formosa.

The Japanese are the officialdom — the overseers, the managers, and small businessmen in towns. Very few farmers have migrated from the homeland. The mountain tribesmen are being organized into villages, brought down from their remote and solitary hovels to regimented settlements in the valleys. The Formosan-Chinese are closely bound together for supervision in an ancient Chinese mutual responsibility organization, refashioned and controlled to meet Japanese administrative needs. The Formosans have some little representation but no authority in the various local and provincial councils. The old cities have been cleaned up and replanned on a generous scale. An elaborate system of railways and narrow gauge pushcar lines has revolutionized transportation. Highways, well-graded but unsurfaced, provide the way for bus routes through arable lowlands. Hydroelectric plants provide power and make possible a steady development of chemical and metallurgical industries. Primary schools are everywhere, with compulsory education for all children planned to be in effect after April 1943. There are hot springs resorts, and trails for hiking clubs, maintained principally for the Japanese.

Economically the island life presents a well-ordered contrast to conditions that had existed under the old Chinese regime. Educated Formosans will admit frankly that, while the middle and upper classes (a very small percentage of the population) are deprived of privileges and much of the wealth of former years, the average Formosan farmers and small traders are far better off. There is a constant market for produce, and notable achievements have been made on the experimental farms of the University College of Agriculture at Taihoku and on the private tea, sugar, and pineapple plantations operated by firms such as the Mitsui and Mitsubishi and their subsidiaries.

Present conditions on Formosa would meet many of the re-

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quirements of the ancient *Pax Romana*. The island is the only Japanese colony that has consistently shown a surplus over administrative expenses. This surplus, of course, is not turned back into public works or the tax budget, but goes to the financial and political centers of the Empire. The capital and the home provinces flourish, for they draw to themselves the produce of the outer territories and colonies of the Empire — tropical fruits, fish, rice, minerals, and oil. It behooves the central government to improve productive methods and communications and to provide comfort for the administrators who must live so far from metropolitan centers. Not only are the hot springs and golf courses, hotels and cinemas used to comfort the "exiled" Japanese, but by their exclusiveness they also serve to accentuate the superiority of the "Master Race."

In Rome the system flourished with pomp and glory and magnificence at the center and at the several provincial capitals, but only so long as martial power was unabated and the outer boundaries of the empire kept secure. It was a magnificent system, efficient and sometimes ruthless. The Japanese are having the same successes on Formosa.

In many ways the *Pax Romana* was a most important step in the development of European culture. It must be remembered, too, that the Augustan peace was possible only after long centuries of internal troubles and after opposition to Roman expansion had gradually subsided. The Japanese, with a bow toward the Western democracies, profess a belief in the equality of Oriental races; but, in practice, exercise ill-disguised discrimination toward non-Japanese within their realm. It is paradoxical that we should need to fear Japan's expansive program from the moment she begins to liberalize her program. It need not be "liberal" in our full sense of the word. There need be just enough concessions, just enough local autonomy and economic stability to win cooperation among peoples subject to foreign rule or interference and accustomed to exhaustive poverty and struggle through the past hundred years.

Unlike their successes in physical exploitation, however, the ill-contrived campaign of the Japanese to win moral support and

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political allegiance has had poor response. They seem wholly incapable of imagining their own reaction if positions of conqueror and vanquished were to be reversed. Too little has been done to win intellectual or spiritual cooperation, and the entire matter of local morale was neglected until the outbreak of the China War in 1937. It then became apparent that unless the Formosan-Chinese were weaned away from their inherent sympathies for the Chinese, there might be serious trouble within the island itself. Force alone was evidently not enough to conquer the Chinese on the mainland, and so it might prove that force would some day become insufficient to keep the Formosans in docile labor on the island, just ninety miles across the channel.

In their thoroughgoing efforts to root out Chinese ties, the Japanese have mistaken external forms for inward spirit. They are pressing a campaign to eliminate the Chinese language and to substitute a very elementary Japanese, to destroy Formosan religious practices and to substitute worship of the Japanese Imperial Ancestors, and to persuade the Formosans that it is a glorious thing to labor for the Imperial Household at Tokyo. They have, in fact, achieved only a rasping irritation of religious and social sensibilities. Too little has been done to win Formosan intellectual cooperation and to develop from among the people native leaders willing to administer in their name.

The Formosan-Chinese, for all the uncouthness of peasant life, share the ancient Chinese (and Japanese) respect for learning, and even more strongly than the Japanese look to the scholar for community leadership. It is, therefore, a special hardship for them to be denied freedom in education. The primary schools educate just to the point of improved efficiency of production, to enable the native to read and understand his orders and the nationalist propaganda. In theory, higher education is available to everyone. In practice, it is denied to all Formosans but the sons of a wealthy few. Not many Formosan youths are permitted to attend the best of the middle schools, and only about one in twenty students is allowed to enter the university preparatory school.

Those who can afford to do so are allowed to go up to Tokyo or

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Osaka, where, of course, they will be surrounded at school by Japanese and saturated with Japanese ideas. It was next to impossible for a Formosan to secure passports for travel and study abroad in recent years unless he engaged in some Japanese commercial activity on the continent or in the islands to the south. Those who had gone abroad in pre-war times now live in fear of being conscripted into coolie work in the Japanese military services of supply.

Of the professions, only medicine and law are open to ambitious Formosan youths. A few take degrees at Japanese universities each year. One teacher in medicine at the Taihoku Imperial University is a Formosan, but he is denied many of the usual prerogatives of a Japanese professorship. Two Formosans are acting as librarians in a school and at the municipal library at Tainan city. Practically no other intellectual leadership can be said to exist. The single Formosan newspaper was suppressed in 1937, and no contemporary literature or drama is permitted in Formosan-Chinese idiom.

This failure to create a dependable native leadership in sympathy with their program, this indifference to the need for willing cooperation among the middle and upper classes, is one of the significant and dangerous errors of Japanese policy within the *Pax Japonica*. If the Japanese neglect this vital need elsewhere in their newly conquered areas as they have in their oldest colony, they have failed, perhaps forever, to grasp a unique opportunity for leadership among all the Asiatic peoples. The prestige which they enjoyed as the one Asiatic nation considered to be a world power melts away when Japanese "cooperation" and "peace" become realities.

The Japanese have failed miserably to appreciate the universal importance of a peace which is more than order under arms. As they fail now and are forced to withdraw, they leave behind them the profitless peace of the dead which rules each battlefield after war. They have sown abroad seeds of imperishable hatred and distrust, and into Japanese hearts at home must creep the bitterness of useless sacrifice.

If at the settlement of the present conflict the Japanese are left

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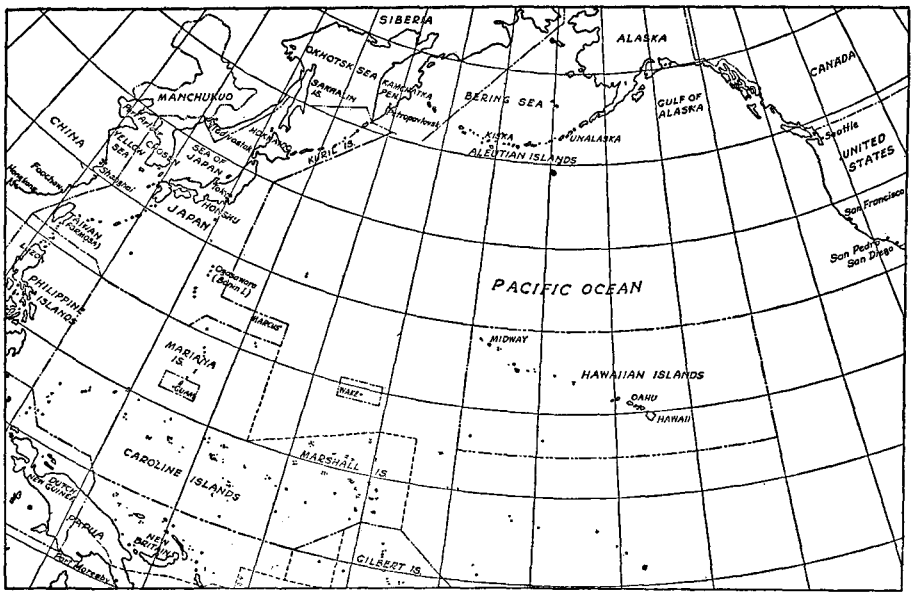
in possession of any part of their present Empire, if through bargaining of a sort they win concessions granting them control of territories and peoples anywhere outside their own four green islands, order will be restored in the East for a little time, perhaps. Then war must come again, for they will not forget their ideal of *Pax Japonica*, and it can be achieved only when it has become coextensive with world domination.



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Albert Brisbane: Social Dreamer

Charles A. Madison

MOST of the encyclopedias, the Britannica included, make no mention of Albert Brisbane although they pay homage to his son Arthur's journalistic attainments. The only published study of his life and work remains his wife's "mental biography," which appeared in 1893. Yet throughout the 1840's he was widely acclaimed as an eminent social philosopher. As the interpreter and promoter of Fourier's grand scheme of Association he became the leader of a reform movement that swept across the United States. And although this utopia went the way of all panaceas it had agitated the thinking of many Americans for more than a decade.

Born in 1809 in the frontier environment of Batavia, New York, young Albert Brisbane was more interested in outdoor life than in his school work. One day, at the age of fifteen, while he was hunting, a "spontaneous intuition" suddenly revealed to him that each human being was responsible for the common good of all. This vision of the duty of man motivated all his future thinking and striving. Three years of schooling in New York further exercised this ethical impulse, and in May 1828 his parents sent him to France to study philosophy and social progress.

A year later, while eating ice cream during an intermission at the Paris Opera, the nineteen-year-old Brisbane received another "intuition" — "that a certain class in society lived on the labor of the masses." He had found his teachers, who included some of the leading French thinkers, unsatisfactory guides out of his perplexity. The lectures of Victor Cousin only led him to Hegel. He thereupon went to the fountainhead of philosophy in Germany, only to find himself a year later no nearer to the solution he was seeking. As a democratic American he refused to accept Hegel's smug assertion that his people had attained the highest cultural development. But if young Brisbane could not

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subscribe to the tenets of German philosophy he was delighted with Berlin's society and took full advantage of the welcome given him as the only American student then in the Prussian capital.

More eager than ever to learn the ways of man, he left Germany in 1830 for a tour that took him to Turkey and as far around as Ireland. Everywhere he observed the life of the people and was pained to note the poverty and inequality which existed universally and seemed especially acute in Greece and Ireland. In France he was attracted to the Saint-Simonian movement but could not fully accept the ways of its leaders.

Even as so many other Americans of his generation, young Brisbane grew into manhood with a messianic compulsion. The wretched conditions under which the mass of mankind was then living, striking freshly upon his sensitive conscience, aroused him to the urgency of social reform. He reasoned that it was not God's will that men should suffer, that there must be a way of eliminating squalor from the world. Because of his eagerness to learn the thoughts of great minds on this problem he returned to Berlin. But the eminent lecturers on social science satisfied him no more than had Hegel the year before.

While in this state of perplexity he began one day to look over Fourier's *L'Association Domestique-Agricole*, which a Parisian friend had sent him. The book made "an indescribable impression" upon his receptive mind. The very "idea of dignifying and *rendering attractive* the manual labors of mankind" struck the excited youth with the force of a revelation. In his zeal to learn more about the new philosophy, he left for Paris to make the author's acquaintance.

Charles Fourier was sixty when Brisbane arranged with him for private instruction. Deprived of his inheritance by the French Revolution and deeply frightened by the excesses of the Terror, he devoted his mature years to devising a social system that would enable every man to live pleasantly and comfortably and thus obviate the recurrence of another Terror. Strongly influenced by the scientific as well as the pseudo-scientific theories of his day, he sought to organize "the collective life of man

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on strictly scientific principles." He believed that human motives and passions were on the whole good; that commerce corrupted human nature; that our civilization, however faulty, was unwittingly preparing the forces which would raise mankind to the next stage of society's development — harmonious association. This system — at once efficient and efficacious — would render manual labor dignified and attractive, would abolish poverty and inequality and would make possible the highest scientific development and general human perfection.

In 1834, after six years abroad, two of them with Fourier, Albert Brisbane returned to the United States. He was overflowing with faith in Association, eager to familiarize his fellow-Americans with his great discovery, but too much the dreamer to carry his enthusiasm into practical action. For the next few years he remained in seclusion, nursing his weakened health and pondering the work of his master. Yet he was at no time averse to making his views known to friends and sympathetic inquirers. By 1839 he had actually organized Fourier study groups in New York and Philadelphia. He lectured to them as often as he was able and continued to work on his exposition of Association.

The Social Destiny of Man, which appeared in 1840, contains a persuasively vigorous discussion of the new reform, partly in Fourier's own words and partly in Brisbane's. The zealous disciple was the ideal interpreter. He had so merged his views with those of his master that it was difficult to discern what he had borrowed from what was his own. As a consequence, Fourierism in the United States became synonymous with Brisbane's writings.

Fourier, who loathed the abuses of an emerging industrialism and sought a solution that would obviate human exploitation, had hit upon the idea of a small, compact community living in associative unity. The size of this phalanx was determined by statistical estimates that "among every 810 persons Nature distributes all the talents necessary for excelling in the different branches of human activity." To make sure that these self-contained communities were not to suffer from any chance lack of

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needed talent he determined that each phalanx should contain at least twice that many members. This Association, "which would replace the desultory action of individuals by combined efforts of masses, distribute judiciously and appropriately the capacity, talent and labor of the different sexes and ages, introduce method and a scientific system of cultivation in the place of waste and ignorance, would conflict with no rights or principles, but, on the contrary, would forward greatly the interests and welfare of all classes, both rich and poor." Fourier was wise enough to insist that no phalanx be started without a capital of a half million dollars. Indeed, he had announced early in his career that at a certain hour he would wait daily in his study for the philanthropist ready to invest this amount of money to prove the validity of his theory. For thirty years he continued to expect his rich visitor — in vain.

Brisbane's eloquence and enthusiasm made the plan of Association plausible and persuasive to those of his readers in the early 1840's who were themselves in quest of a panacea. Even the more hard-headed had to admit that a phalanx of three hundred families would be a more efficient and economic unit than the same number of families living apart and in their own particular ways. To mention only the most elemental needs, the disunited families required three hundred individual homes with the same number of kitchens, stoves, fires, sets of kitchen utensils, and women to do the work — "the essence of complication and waste." With one large palace, three or four huge kitchens, a few large ranges and fires, and several expert cooks the phalanx would meet these same needs much more satisfactorily. This saving in labor and equipment would open the way to vastly increased productivity. The normal non-producers — women, children, servants, the idle rich, and others — would become productive workers. In addition, each person would tend to increase his output, since he would work without constraint and under the impulse to excel in his own group. The proper direction of this increased production would augment the income of the phalanx manifold and thus bring undreamt-of benefits and enjoyments to each member.

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The keystone of Association was, of course, the promise to make labor attractive. *The Social Destiny of Man* begins with the assurance, "We assert, and will prove, that Labor, which is now *monotonous, repugnant, and degrading*, can be *ennobled, elevated* and made *honorable;* — or in other words, Industry can be rendered Attractive!" Obviously, to achieve this laudable goal the work to be done had to be adapted to man's "Passional System." After many years of study and reflection Fourier concluded that man had twelve human passions or instincts: the five senses, four affective passions (friendship, love, ambition, paternity), and three distributive or directive passions. "Happiness," he argued, "consists in the continued satisfaction of the twelve passions harmoniously developed." This satisfaction was to be attained within the phalanx by a proper and voluntary division of labor: each member would join the Groups and Series of occupations best suited to his passional nature. The actual work of the phalanx was to be divided into three classes: necessary labor, useful labor, and pleasing labor; to insure the volunteers needed for each class, the highest wages would be paid for necessary work and the lowest for pleasing work. To eliminate the element of repugnance from any productive labor, three conditions were to be observed: "1. Compact scale among Groups. 2. Short duration of occupations, and free choice of the same. 3. Parcelled exercise in occupations and functions." This freedom to choose work and to change to another every hour or two would, Fourier believed, eliminate the distasteful elements of employment — compulsion and monotony.

Fourier knew that even the highest wages would not attract volunteers to perform the uncleanly yet essential tasks of the phalanx. To resolve this difficulty, he utilized his discovery that boys between the ages of nine and sixteen have little antipathy to "dirty or offensive contacts." He urged that these youngsters be organized into a "sacred legion" to assume the repulsive labors and be awarded the highest honors at the disposal of the phalanx. The work was to be so arranged, of course, that no boy would need to give to it more than two hours a day.

An important element of Association was the scheme of educa-

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tion for children from infancy through adolescence. If mothers were to be as free and productive as the other adults of the phalanx their children should be cared for by skilled nurses and teachers. As infants reached the age of six months their senses would begin to undergo refinement. On their first birthday they were to cease suckling, during their second year they would be regarded as the weaned, and during their third year as Little Commencers. In their fourth year they would enter the first order of the initiated and would begin to earn their maintenance by doing work according to their capacities. As they grew older and gained in skill they were to advance from one order to another until they reach the sixth order at maturity. Since admission to each order was conditioned upon increased skill and knowledge, children would voluntarily solicit instruction in both.

Both Fourier and Brisbane carefully considered the distribution of income. The latter, the greater humanitarian, was the less favorable to capitalistic enterprise. "The tyranny of capital," he asserted hopefully, "one of the last relics of tyranny, and the most repulsive, will be swept from the face of the earth by Association." Even he, however, believed in individual property and in the right of capitalists to a handsome profit. It was the hope of both men that the benefits of their plan would so appeal to the powerful and the rich as to turn them into "the true leaders of the world, instead of its oppressors." To attract wealthy investors to his scheme, Fourier provided that a relatively high share be paid to capital out of the annual income of each phalanx. Brisbane put it as follows: "The total product of a phalanx from all sources, agriculture, manufactures, etc., is divided into three parts, or dividends, bearing to each other the following proportion: 5/12 to labor, 4/12 to capital, 3/12 to skill. Every man, woman and child receives on the day of the yearly settlement, a portion of one, two or all the above dividends, according to his or her labor, capital or skill." An account was to be kept with each member individually, from the four-year-olds in the first order to the most skilled or wealthy adult, and all purchases and services were to be charged against it. Members would be permitted to live as modestly or, if they had the means, as luxuriously as

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they might wish. To provide for differences in taste and expenditures the phalanx would offer meals, accommodations, and goods at several levels of cost.

There is little point in going further into the detailed plan of Association. Brisbane's writings described its minutest aspects. His powerful will to believe imparted to the phalanx an impression of infallibility. How could any social system fail which provided for "convenient and labor-saving machinery . . . healthy, even elegant workshops . . . short sessions of labor . . . bringing the play of sentiments into industry, and identifying the social and the productive life of man?"

Albert Brisbane was not a leader of men. He had neither the fanatic drive nor the forceful personality of the successful crusader. Mild-mannered and modest in deportment, uncompromising in his adherence to principle, always the student and dreamer rather than the man of action, he became Association's chief propagandist only because he happened to be the first American to have brought Fourier's plan from Europe and to have presented it in explicit and appealing terms. *The Social Destiny of Man*, with its detailed and glowing exposition of the new utopia, appeared just as the victims of the panic of 1837 were recuperating from economic distress and were favorably disposed toward a way of life that was both stable and pleasant. Association offered them all this and much besides, and those who wished to learn more about it naturally turned to Brisbane.

The first prize convert was Horace Greeley, who had read *The Social Destiny of Man* at the behest of the author and was completely persuaded by the humanitarian aspects of the plan. As he made clear during his journalistic controversy with Henry J. Raymond of *The Courier and Enquirer* over the merits of Association, he favored it because it promised its members a comfortable home, a good education, the opportunity to labor at a just and adequate recompense, agreeable social relations, and cultural opportunities. When Greeley established *The Tribune* he rented Brisbane the space for a daily column in that newspaper. By taking pains, moreover, to call the attention of his grow-

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ing number of readers to this special column, he helped Brisbane to spread the idea of Association over the entire country. Leading converts during the two years in which the column appeared included Parke Godwin, George Ripley, William H. Channing, and Charles A. Dana. During this period Brisbane also edited *The Chronicle*, established *The Phalanx, or Journal of Social Science*, and contributed articles to other periodicals.

The years 1843–1845 witnessed a rash of phalanxes throughout the northern half of the country — more by far than in all the rest of the world. One of the first, Sylvania Phalanx, was organized by workers in western Pennsylvania; having neither the capital nor the necessary skills, they had to disband within six months. North American Phalanx, situated near Red Bank, New Jersey, was the most ambitious of all and was backed by the leading Associationists with money and encouragement. At no time, however, did it have even a sizable fraction of the members and capital Brisbane had stipulated as the permissible minimum; it counted seventy-seven persons at the end of its first year and somewhat over a hundred at its fullest. Lack of money, moreover, narrowed its enterprise and kept its income at a low level. Yet for more than twelve years the phalanx managed to persevere and was disrupted only by a combination of friction and a devastating fire.

The Fourierist movement in the United States attained its greatest effectiveness with the conversion of Brook Farm into a phalanx in 1844, for the high cultural standards of this New England colony had given it a prestige far above that of any other existing community. With this conversion, the Friends of Association formed a national organization and elected George Ripley its first president. Brisbane became known among them as the Great Disciple. He was especially influential among the Brook Farmers, and his visits with them were recorded fondly in numerous diaries. So carried away were some of them with their vision of utopia that W. H. Channing spoke their minds when he wrote in *The Harbinger:* "We have a solemn and glorious work before us: 1. To indoctrinate the whole people of the United States with the principles of associative unity; 2. To prepare for the time

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when the nation, like one man, shall reorganize its townships upon the basis of perfect justice. A nobler opportunity was certainly never opened to men, than that which here and now welcomes Associationists." The very next year, in 1847, a fire destroyed the newly built phalanstery and with it went the hopes and dreams not only of the Brook Farmers but of the entire Association movement.

About fifty other phalanxes were started during these years. None of them began, however, with enough capital, members, or proper skills. Greeley stated later that these experiments were "destitute alike of capacity, public confidence, energy, and means." Only the Wisconsin Phalanx, which endured for six years, ended its existence with a profit to its members; two others lasted for four years; the remainder broke up after a struggle of two years or less. By the end of the 1840's the vogue of Association, at first so sanguine and almost spontaneous, was completely dead. Brisbane, having at the outset done his utmost to discourage these premature efforts, early disassociated himself from these experiments and later asserted over and over that their failure in no way vitiated the essential validity of the principles of Association. But by that time he no longer had the public ear.

Late in 1843, perturbed by the thought that he had initiated a movement he could not control, Brisbane went to Paris to complete his study of Fourier's unpublished writings. When he returned to New York a year later the wildcat popularity of Fourierism had reached its peak. The failure of several phalanxes, although caused by a flagrant disregard of the conditions set down plainly and emphatically in Brisbane's writings, was beginning to deflate the optimism the idea of Association had at first evoked. Moreover, some of the orthodox editors and preachers were attacking Fourierism as atheistic and immoral and were concentrating their abuse on its chief advocates. Brisbane was anything but a fighter. Unlike Garrison and Phillips, who were at that time fighting slavery with pugnacious persistence, he lacked the drive of fanatic faith. Instead of joining in the debate, he left for the quiet of his father's home to peruse his copies

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of Fourier's manuscripts and to ponder the basic problems of society.

In the spring of 1848 and again in the summer of 1851, Brisbane went to Europe to observe the effects of the revolutionary movement on the public mind. He sojourned in the several centers of unrest and befriended the leading radicals in each. Karl Marx's doctrines naturally challenged his own. But he never became a socialist, since he was convinced that Association was based upon scientific principles and that there could be no clash of classes within the phalanx. Yet he acknowledged that both Fourierists and Marxists were at one in their aim to eliminate economic exploitation and establish social equality.

In 1853 Brisbane married Sarah White and in time became the father of five children. Yet so intent were his scholarly pursuits and so oblivious was he at times to the real world about him that his wife had to bear the entire burden of the household. When she died in 1867, shortly after the birth of her fifth child, he did his best to care for his young sons by himself, but he made a poor nurse and permitted the children to fend for themselves a good part of the time. In 1876 he married Redelia Bates, a young admirer who quickly brought order and comfort into the completely neglected home. In the same year he published his *General Introduction to the Social Sciences*, a philosophical recapitulation of Association. During his last years he travelled abroad, continued his inquiries into various phases of the social order, and tinkered with such mechanical inventions as the steamship, compressed wood pavement, and a vacuum cooking oven. The day before he died, late in April 1890 — an ineffectual dreamer who had been all his life "impelled by a single absorbing passion, the redemption of the *collective* man" — his one concern was that he would not live to witness the workers' holiday on May Day.

General Introduction to the Social Sciences, the fruit of forty years of contemplative effort, embodies the philosopher's stone for the transformation of a disorganized and direful civilization into a free and felicitous society. In explanation of the prevailing economic maladjustments, Brisbane asserted that the human race

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was still in its infancy, comparatively speaking, and therefore ignorant and subject to evil. In its various stages of development — savage, patriarchal, barbarian, civilized — mankind evolved social institutions which were of necessity imperfect and inappropriate. He anticipated that the more closely mankind adhered to the natural laws of which it is a part, the more nearly would it approach to the life God had ordained for it. The next stage in its development, Association, which Fourier regarded as by no means the final one, was "a system of society in which the general incoherence and conflict of individual interests will tend to disappear in a spirit of collectivity which will lead to an understanding among men for the proper adjustment of all interests both public and personal."

In arguing for the validity of the principle of attraction, upon which the theory of Association was based, Brisbane offered much evidence from the working of nature. God, he pointed out, employs no other means than attraction in getting all living creatures to perform the functions which secure their perpetuation. Since the aim of Association was "to dignify Industry and to render it honorable and attractive," it followed that in accepting it as a principle of social organization mankind would embrace the great law of nature. In his advocacy of this principle, Brisbane described at length how Association guaranteed individual property, free choice as to mode of living, free choice of occupation, ample remuneration, and all social pleasures and privileges.

Neither Fourier nor Brisbane progressed very far beyond the individual phalanx. As the prophets of a new social order, however, they felt impelled to give it world-wide scope and to outline a global federation of phalanxes. Because they assumed that Constantinople occupied a geographically central position they chose it as "the great capital of the Globe" but limited its population to 300,000. Again, since there would be many public tasks beyond the capacities and immediate interests of the individual phalanx and since war would be outlawed, they anticipated William James by proposing to employ the manpower of the abolished armies for such special public functions and activities. These industrial armies, Brisbane explained, "will open brilliant

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spheres of action to true devotion and heroism, to the display of genius, and the acquisition of fame, far exceeding anything which the *inverted armies of our inverted societies* can now possibly offer to man."

Albert Brisbane, who had resolved in his teens that it was the duty of the individual to devote his life to the enhancement of humanity and had the means and the zeal to heed the voice of his conscience, became one of the first Americans to travel half across the world in search of a panacea. Fourier's plan for social reorganization fired his imagination because it fitted his idealistic conception of society better than any other scheme for human perfectibility. It never occurred to him that Association went against the grain of industrial society and was therefore impossible of realization. The conviction that the plan was logical and beneficial made it to him not only desirable but feasible.

The early enthusiastic response to his Fourierist writings exceeded his most sanguine expectations. The mushroom growth of the phalanxes during the 1840's, springing up everywhere without plan or preparation, revealed his pathetic inability to cope with reality. Instead of exercising leadership and forcing his guidance upon the starry-eyed Associationists, he merely voiced his disapproval of their spurious efforts and left them to their quick doom. From this point of view, John Humphrey Noyes was justified in blaming him "for spending all his energy drumming and recruiting, while, to insure success, he should have given at least half his time to drilling the soldiers and leading them in actual battle. One example of Fourierism carried through to splendid realization would have done definitely more for the cause in the long run, than all his translations and publications."

The effect of Brisbane's Fourierism on the history of American social reform is not easy to ascertain. In immediate results it was of only ephemeral significance—one of the numerous utopias claiming the attention of Americans during the first half of the nineteenth century. After the failure of the experimental phalanxes in the 1840's, the Association movement disappeared almost without a trace. Brisbane continued to propagate the idea

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for another forty years, but he remained unheard and forgotten.

Yet in a more fundamental sense the theory of Association was not devoid of influence. For more than a decade, and more effectively than other utopian experiments, it caught the imagination of American social ameliorists. Its vision of a society in which work was rendered dignified and attractive inspired all later schemes for the improvement of the laborer's lot. Equally appealing was the doctrine of efficiency by means of the division of labor. Moreover, the thousands of men and women whom Brisbane had drawn into the Association movement did not forget the lessons of social justice and equality. When Fourierism had become discredited with the collapse of the phalanxes, these reformers proceeded to preach the gospel of human welfare and made it a significant part of whatever movement they entered. It was this intangible yet undeniable influence that made Albert Brisbane a positive factor in the advancement of social reform in the United States.

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Counterfeit Fishes

Charles I. Long

NATIONS and individuals seek their place in the sun through wars and victories. But since the first blob of protoplasm started to populate the earth back in Eozoic times, races have achieved survival through surrender to the rigorous and final terms of physical environment. They have had to accept the terms or die. It avails no race to fight against these terms, however harsh they may be, and every race that tried has failed. The lords of creation, from trilobites and dinosaurs to the sabretooth cat and the dodo, have from time to time sought to maintain their satisfactory status quo, as though to halt the onward march of change by bucking it. Such lords have always failed, and we know of them today solely by their fossil epitaphs. Only those which, unlike us modern, stubborn men, acceded to the terms, survived.

But always in nature's stern decrees lurk loopholes, ways of circumvention. Take, for example, the terms of life in water. Many animals, from simple protozoa to complex vertebrates like whales, have availed themselves of a blind resourcefulness in meeting the terms of their surrender and have succeeded eminently in their adjustments.

There are diverse ways to live in water — to float upon its surface or creep along the sandy bottom; to navigate the great expanse of ocean wastes or fight against the mountain torrents; to forage along the shallow shores or cling to rocks beneath the reach of waves; to feed upon aquatic plants or prey upon the humbler water folk. Each mode of life has been exploited by some animal in whose form and structure there is evidence, for those who can read it, of just what mode he has adopted and through what steps.

Among the vertebrates, fishes, of course, possess the oldest aquatic pedigree. They and all their ancestors knew no other

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environment than the seas and lakes and streams. As a result, their race achieved the ultimate in adaption — smooth, streamlined, cylindrical shapes with blade-like fins for balance and, most important of all, a breathing mechanism capable of deriving oxygen from water. We are so accustomed to the fish form that we forget it is characterized by the absence of that common but typically terrestrial structure, a neck. The reason for this is that animals which swim by means of a propulsive tail must have a strong anterior base for the tail to work upon. A neck would be a disadvantage, for it would tend to create a compensating undulation of the head (as in the worm which makes little progress in water because the undulations of the posterior part of the body are negated by equal movements of the anterior portion). It would tend, moreover, to shift the center of gravity, or propulsive base, too far posteriorward. A fish swims by oscillating about a point somewhere anterior to the middle and posterior to the eyes.

As anyone who has eaten shad or perch knows, fish boast a multitude of bones — many more than would seem necessary. Yet all the terrestrial derivatives of fishes — amphibians, reptiles, birds, and mammals — have shown a constant reduction of bony elements in the skeleton. Consequently, whenever they have returned to water for their habitat they have had to reestablish fishlike features from a relative paucity of bones.

After all the watery nooks and crannies had been populated, the slums of the piscine kingdom became less and less livable. For one thing, periodic droughts dried up shallow, muddy places which at best had been only meagerly habitable and the fish living there either had to die or develop some means of circumventing such adverse conditions. It fell to the lot of the lungfishes to accede to the harsh terms for survival in such unlikely spots and to outlive the long dry spells by burying themselves in the mud and keeping themselves alive by means of a newly improved auxiliary form of breathing that utilized an expanded swim bladder rich in capillaries. This structure, common to ordinary fishes and functioning in their upward and downward movements through the water by means of contraction and expansion, thus became the forerunner of a lung.

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Some sort of ancient fish approximating these lungfish (found today in Africa and Australia) gave rise to the first air-breathing vertebrate. Eventually its descendants spread far and wide over the land, prospering in regions which theretofore would have been lethal to any vertebrate. Little by little, as time went on, these air-breathing creatures lost some of the structures which had served their aquatic ancestors and modified other parts into useful terrestrial organs. Fins developed into arms and legs, for instance, and in doing so their bones decreased in number and increased in size and strength. Pectoral and pelvic girdles grew sturdy in response to the need for firm bases for the legs to act upon. Gills disappeared entirely and lungs supplanted them. Heads became differentiated from the body through the development of necks, giving the mobility indispensable in a land animal. Thus, after many ages, there were deployed throughout the continents creatures so vastly different from their ancient piscine forebears that they would have drowned in their ancestral home.

Then, with the perversity inherent in all creation, certain of this emancipated landed gentry, either through compulsion or desire, again turned mariners. No one knows exactly how or why they did and one man's guess is as good as any other's. Possibly they were forced to do so through overpopulation, lack of food, excessive competition for breeding space, or the spreading of epeiric seas over their dry habitat. Whatever the reason, certain reptiles, mammals, and even birds at one time or another took to the sea and in the course of time became secondarily adapted to the environment from which their ancestors had escaped.

Never could they regain the perfect structure of the fishes. They could only simulate it through modifying such remnants as their bodies still possessed. For it is an inexorable rule of nature that any bone or organ once lost can never be recovered. Equivalent organs may be developed but the fundamentals of their structure will be different. The land inhabitants had lost the splayed-out, numerous bones supporting piscine fins; in their stead they had five-toed feet. In the caudal region there was merely the attenuated spinal column. Necks had to be reduced,

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nostrils modified, internal organs readapted. In many cases, however, outward simulations of piscine structures were truly wonderful.

In all respects save one — their breathing apparatus — these creatures became as efficient in their reclaimed ancestral home as the fishes themselves. The highly specialized air breather has never been able, in this secondary adaptation to life in water, to develop any water-breathing mechanism comparable in either efficiency or physiology. Once an air breather always so. No amount of evolution has been able to change that fact; gills once lost can never be retrieved. Fishes alone among the vertebrates — except those transitional forms, the amphibians, who never have been able to decide whether they should be land or water animals — have developed a water-breathing gill system. Consequently they remain preëminent among sea dwellers, more perfectly adapted than any other. Never would they find themselves endangered in some emergency by running out of breath and having to detour to the surface as an alternative to drowning.

Just as the stamp of New England or California is discernible in the inhabitants of those regions, so the influence of the sea is reflected in the bodily structures of its denizens. And because the environment is constant and inexorable in its demands, many animals not even distantly related have responded to these conditions by developing structures which to outward appearance are so similar as to seem identical. This tendency of unrelated animals to approach one another in outward form, a tendency known as convergence, indicates life under similar physical conditions.

When terrestrial quadrupeds took to the water they passed through successive stages of development, each approaching nearer to the classical form of fishes unless, as sometimes happened, they depended upon their fore limbs as swimming organs. The reason for this inevitable tendency to simulate the fish architecture is not hard to find — the environmental forces which evolved the fish in Devonian times are still the same and make the same demands; the same stresses and inexorable winnowings have pressed the different materials to the same results. In other words, the mechanics of life in the water demand for survival

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certain anatomical features, regardless of what makeshifts may supply them.

The reptiles were the first class of vertebrates to emancipate themselves completely from the water. But hardly had they become lords of the airy empire than certain of them perversely sought the seas again. Preëminent among these atavists were the ichthyosaurs or fish-lizards, so called because outwardly they closely resembled fishes. From the fact that in the earlier species all four feet were approximately equal in size, we know that at first, as might be expected, the ichthyosaurs used all four feet for swimming just as any land animal would do. But no line of animals who spend their lives in swimming retains four equal appendages for long; eventually, either one pair or the other takes over the function of locomotion and becomes larger and more paddle-like. Or, if such animals have strong tails to begin with, all four appendages are likely to become reduced in proportion as the tail becomes the propeller. Originally, short-tailed swimmers tended to develop their fore limbs for propulsion (reaching a climax in such forms as marine turtles), whereas types with longer, stronger tails tended to evolve into tail swimmers like the ichthyosaurs. On the other hand, such forms as had no tail at all to speak of developed their hind feet into efficient propellers and their fore feet into balancing flippers, as is seen among the seal tribe. It is in the sluggish or bottom-feeding forms, like ordinary turtles or crocodiles, or the essentially terrestrial ones, like beavers, that the appendages retain their equality — a necessary provision since these animals spend much time upon the land.

As, therefore, the race of ichthyosaurs improved in seamanship a disparity began to appear in the size of the limbs, the hind ones diminishing in size even more rapidly than the fore limbs, which more and more assumed the shape and function of paddle-like balancers and brakes. The tail shortened and developed an efficient caudal fin that completely took over the function of propeller. The body lengthened and, in response to the stresses made upon it, became fusiform, while the chest became more cylindrical and dorsal, as in most truly aquatic types. Also, a dorsal fin appeared which, unlike that of a fish, was supported by carti-

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lage instead of bone — for fin bones had long since been lost in the history of reptiles. Dorsal fins are an advantage to undulatory swimmers because they afford greater lateral surface for the tail to work upon, while at the same time they offer no impeding frontal resistance as the animal moves forward in the water. The neck of ichthyosaurians shrank until it virtually disappeared, a development contributing to the compactness of the anterior part of the body as in fishes. Moreover, the jaws lengthened and the nostrils moved far posteriorward, a sure sign of aquatic life and a happy one, for, so placed, they are least in the way of sloshing water as the animal skims the surface and takes in breath. As the appendicular locomotion of the earlier ichthyosaurs gradually gave way to caudal propulsion, the femur and humerus became greatly shortened and the pelvis became smaller and more loosely attached, partly because flotation had assumed much of the burden of support and partly because rigidity along the axis of the animal is not conducive to undulatory swimming.

All such features developed by the ichthyosaurs are characteristic of confirmed water dwellers of swift movement and reappeared when at a later date certain mammalian landlubbers took to the oceans.

At the very time when the ichthyosaurs were tyrannizing over the seas, the plesiosaurs were putting into operation a different principle of aquatic adaptation. Because their tails were fairly short from the start they never acquired sufficient undulatory power to challenge the appendages as a means of propulsion. Therefore these long-necked, broad-bodied giants of prehistoric waters remained quadrupedal swimmers and, strangely enough in creatures so thoroughly marine in habit, the hind paddles remained almost as large as the forward ones. Although there is much about them to suggest the clumsiness of giant, shell-less turtles, there is also evidence of their having been highly efficient swimmers. It is possible that they dwelt mostly in shallow waters where great speed was not essential to the capture of their prey and even more likely that they were surface swimmers and kept their head and long necks well out of the water. This would account for a long neck on a fast, efficient swimmer.

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Later in the long history of the world certain mammals followed the example of the earlier reptiles and likewise returned to the seas to live. It is interesting to note that in general they paralleled their reptilian confreres in the broad principles of their readaptation. Some of them, for instance, became tail swimmers; as in comparable reptiles, balancing paddles were evolved out of fore limbs while hind limbs dwindled and even disappeared entirely. Most of these mammals followed the precedent of the ancient ichthyosaurs in shortening the neck, developing a more or less fusiform body with posterior propellers, and simulating so far as possible the form of fishes.

The whale tribe, which includes the porpoises and dolphins, is, of course, the most highly specialized group of water-living mammals. Their hind feet have disappeared entirely and only vestigial remnants of a pelvis are to be found. Even these are deeply imbedded in the body. This is only logical, since their powerful tail has assumed the function of locomotion. But in adopting piscine form these curious mammals have made some important architectural changes. Whereas in fishes the tail is held vertically by the out-fanning supporting bones and in ichthyosaurs was a vertical cartilaginous fin with the caudal vertebrae bent downward into the ventral half, in whales it is a bi-lobed fluke extending horizontally on either side of the terminal portion of the spinal column. A whale's swimming motion, not sinuous like that of a fish or ichthyosaur but straight ahead, is a corollary of the horizontal position of the tail. Moreover whales (except the smaller ones, such as the killer whale, dolphin, and porpoise) have not developed conspicuous dorsal fins, structures that reach their maximum in undulatory tail swimmers where they add to the lateral resistance or "push surface" for the tail to work upon. Like all confirmed swimmers, whales and their kin have undergone a shortening of the neck region through compression and fusion of the cervical vertebrae until the neck no longer exists. Likewise, there is the typically aquatic recession of the nostrils into a dorsal blow-hole on top of the head where it is raised farthest out of the water when the animal comes to the surface to breathe.

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Seals are another group of mammals that have taken to the sea. Like all first-class navigators, they propel themselves by means of a posterior pair of sculls. In their case, however, it is not the tail but the hind feet that do the work. These are held close together and by their lateral movement push the animal through the water. The closest parallel to this mechanism is found in certain kinds of birds, the grebes and loons, whose legs, like those of the seals, remain enclosed by the body integument. The mechanism of the seal's foot is more efficient, however, for there is no lost motion; with the grebe, after the backward thrust of the foot, there is an interval of loss while the foot recovers its flexed position.

The inferior marine specialization of fur seals and sea lions is betrayed by the presence of outer ears and by the greater amount of hair and fur covering their bodies. In the more thoroughly committed seafarers, such as the whale tribe, walruses and manatees, hair is more or less completely discarded and its function of providing heat insulation is assumed by the subcutaneous layer of fat. Fur seals and sea lions, moreover, have reversible feet; on land they are bent forward, giving a clumsy leverage for pushing the animal forward in a series of lumbering hops; in the water they hold close together with the toes pointing backward, in which position they function as sculls.

It is curious that the manatees and their ilk, sluggish bottom feeders, should have the form of expert swimmers. As in whales their hind legs have disappeared and only a vestige of pelvis remains as a clue to their quadrupedal ancestry. The front feet have developed into balancing paddles and the tail has flattened into what appears to be an efficient swimming fluke. As would be expected, the tail is the chief means of locomotion. But these weird creatures are not the rapid swimmers their shape might indicate; they inhabit sluggish streams and estuaries where they feed peacefully upon water vegetation. Perhaps it is because of this bottom-feeding habit that, unlike most marine animals, their bones are dense and heavy instead of light and oily. Also, their nostrils have not shifted posteriorward, as in highly specialized swimmers, but are at the tip of the snout, where they are the first part of the animals to come in contact with the air.

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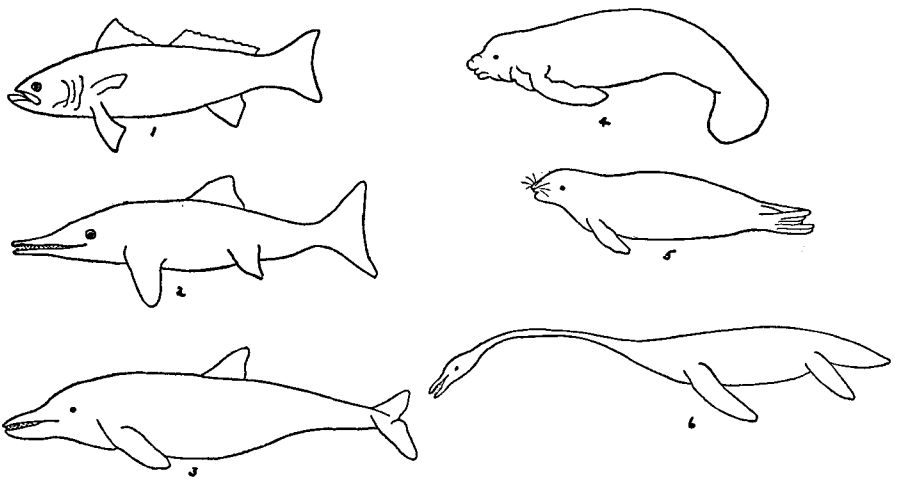
People have a habit of thinking of the manifold adaptations of the animal kingdom as irrefutable evidence of design. Yet actually, as the fossil record indicates, they are evidence that unalterable physical conditions have weeded out and killed off all aspirants not acceding to the conditions of adjusting whatever bodily material they had at hand. In the case of fishes, a multiplicity of bones solved the problem of structural design. But many fundamental structures were lost in the evolution of the reptiles and still more as the mammals gained ascendency. When some of these latter creatures were confronted with conditions identical with those that first spawned fishes, they had to make shift with what anatomical remnants they still possessed. They were forced to mitten their five-toed feet with cartilage and skin to serve as paddles, to counterfeit the necessary fins of fishes with cartilage, and to circumvent the almost lethal conditions of a conquering environment with scores of other structural surrenders and makeshifts. Thus, through always acceding, always accepting the inevitable and making the most of it, always cleverly appeasing a nature seemingly bent upon their destruction, they achieved a success as brilliant as their forebears' and became lords of their particular realm and masters of a fate that almost overtook them.



1. Fish 2. Ichthyosaur (Reptile) 3. Porpoise or Whale (Mammal) 4. Manatee (Mammal) 5. Seal (Mammal) 6. Plesiosaur (Reptile)

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Theater for the Common Man

Norris Houghton

THE shape of things to come seems to be growing in the thinking and expression of Americans as the war months roll by. Indeed, we had not been in the conflict more than a few weeks before "winning the peace" challenged our attention and our imagination. The considerations of that final victory, however, have been chiefly in the political, military, economic, and social spheres. Thus far I have seen no attempt made to chart the path of the arts in the world to come. It is quite understandable that this should be so; for the arts are of all human activity the most unpredictable, their expression and form dependent upon so many factors above and beyond individual genius, itself so unpredictable.

The theater, however, may lend itself to blueprinting in a way the other arts would rightfully resent, for the very reason that the stage is a curious amalgam of social and economic factors along with the artistic. It is therefore possible, I believe, to address ourselves to an outline of a theater for America when the war is won.

I take my direction from Henry A. Wallace. That this will be "the century of the common man" seems to me inescapable. The theater we chart, then, must be the theater of the common man. What have we to start with? What is the relation of our stage to that common man today? In New York it offers a high-priced sophisticated rite of playgoing from which he wisely excludes himself on the ground that it has little to do with him and less to do with his pocketbook. Outside of New York there is the "road," which is Broadway transplanted at Broadway prices, but by the 1940's it has come to mean little to most of America. The old opera house, the trouping star, the "ten-twent'-thirt'" of another generation are no more. Ninety per cent of the students on the college campuses across the country — whom

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we can call, I suppose, the new cultured generation — have never seen a professionally performed play. The movies and the radio have done the job of weaning the public away from the stage very well.

There is, it is true, another American theater which some of these youngsters and their parents know: the plays of the college dramatic workshops, of the community playhouses, of grange and labor union halls, of summer-time barns, of church and YMCA auditoriums; and it may be that the seeds of the theater of tomorrow lie in them. But so far these stages more often than not ape the New York fare even when they refrain from charging New York prices, and more often than not they too are social rather than popular.

Before the theater can belong to the people again it must return to America — by which I mean that Broadway and the American stage must stop being synonymous to the degree to which they are today. This identity is not entirely the fault of Broadway. The most talented people have gravitated toward it; regionalism has been allowed, as William Peery pointed out recently in this magazine,[1] to degenerate too often into an unreal provincialism; the rich veins of American feeling and thought which lie under the topsoil from Vermont to Virginia, from Ohio to Oregon, and of which our novelists and our painters have made good use, have been relatively untapped by our stage.

In a more direct sense, our theater must return to America and to the people. It must decentralize. Because the movies are concentrated in one spot, Hollywood, and radio activity is divided among New York, Hollywood, and Chicago, we are likely to forget that the cornerstone of their success is the ability of the movie to penetrate into the remotest village and of the radio to the humblest hearth. Centralized in control, they are completely decentralized in functioning. Unless the theater can make some effort to match this dispersion, unless it can go to the common man, it will have no place in the new century.

While the stage can never go as far as radio and motion pictures toward reaching every citizen, it can go infinitely farther

[1] "American Folk Drama Comes of Age," The American Scholar, Spring 1942.

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than it does today. Under the stress of wartime conditions, which create more than the usual number of obstacles, we see today an indication of what can be done to take the theater to the people. Under Camp Shows, affiliate of the United Service Organizations, actors and dancers and singers are trooping out across the country to play in more than seven hundred army posts and naval bases — from the wilds of Maine to the back country of Alabama, from the Texas range to the great Northwest. I grant that the audience was artificially collected. Nevertheless, when the war is over many more than 10 per cent of our boys and men will be able to say that they have seen flesh-and-blood performers on a living stage — and maybe when the war is over they will ask for more.

Accessibility, however, must be more than geographical. It must be economic also. The theater of the $3 top must go. If that means the end of the commercialism of the stage, so be it. The USO has made theater-going possible for soldiers and sailors by taking the performers to them and by giving it to them free. I am by no means urging a free theater after the war. But some sort of subsidy from some source — probably a state or local government — will be essential to bringing the theater within the economic reach of the common man: to reducing the $3 top to, say, a $1 top. There must be either a subsidy or else such a radical reorganization of the internal structure of the stage, principally through readjusted wage scales of all unions connected with it, that playhouses can subsist at one-third their present cost.

Granting the necessity of bringing the theater to the people of America, wherever they may live and at prices they can afford, as essential to its liveliness in the postwar day, and granting too the possibility of such accomplishment, there yet remains the most fascinating part of the problem: will the people want it? If they do, what sort of theater will it be?

I believe, with the kind of blind faith that all stage-lovers have, that the living stage has an eternal and universal appeal to those who are habitually exposed to it. I believe, furthermore, that a taste for movies does not automatically eliminate a desire for the

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stage, as some people seem to assume. Nevertheless, the theater will have to fight, alongside the cinema and the radio, for the right to entertain the common man. It will fight best by "giving the public what it wants." Can we, even in the most general terms, state what that is?

The only theater in our modern world that has attempted to exist for the common man has been the Soviet. The differences in the temperament of the Russian people and of Americans, in their backgrounds of culture, in their state of receptivity, are such that we cannot safely draw parallels. Above all, the totalitarian concept of the communist state and the ideological submission of the theater to the state are so different from the world of tomorrow we envisage for this country that a consideration of the contemporary Russian theater offers little that is constructive to the American dreamer.

One concept, however, that I think we might do well to ponder, does emerge. Russian drama since 1918 has moved toward fuller realization of its fundamental contention that art — and particularly the art of the theater — must be related to life. I think an examination of any art at the periods when it has been strongest (and that has regularly coincided with the periods when it has also been most popular) would reveal a strong relation to the life of its time. Even the unworldly art of the Middle Ages reflects the spiritual world that was so powerfully the life of that day.

Of course, by such broad interpretation, I suppose any art always relates to life, but it must be admitted that there have been and are styles and periods dominated by the doctrine of *l'art pour l'art* and certain artists who delight in esoterica. Fortunately, in our American theater artistic "isms" have received small shrift, and we have little to fear therefrom. At the same time, as we think of a future stage it would be wise to bear in mind that as our national life changes so must our plays change, and in the same direction.

In plotting the lines of the future it is essential to consider the relation of the stage to the motion picture. I believe that artistically the former has not adequately capitalized on its differences from the latter. Too frequently, with an eye to a fabulous sale to

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Hollywood, it has been content, largely because of commercial pressure, to produce plays which would make good movies. This being the case, it is little wonder that the theater looks more and more like the means to cinematic ends.

One thing the stage has that the cinema can never offer: the presence of the performer and the spectator in the same place at the same time. If playwrights and directors recognized the full implications of this very obvious fact they would fashion plays and production techniques so dependent upon that direct rapport that they would be next to untranslatable to the screen. Occasionally this has been recognized — as in *Our Town* and several others of Thornton Wilder's experiments in playwrighting, in Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock*, in the Federal Theater's *Living Newspapers*, in the "arena stage" technique of production, in Orson Welles's presentations of *Julius Caesar* and *Dr. Faustus*. In fact, from *Lysistrata* to *The Rivals*, no classic is quite effectively translatable to the screen, for all were written with the idea of presentation directly to the audience and not from behind a peep-show picture frame.

Probably the vaudeville is as typically American a contribution as our stage has made to theatrical history — and no form could exploit the potentialities of the stage more directly or be so alien to the movies. Our latter day has seen the reincarnation of vaudeville in musical comedy, a form that has likewise depended for its success upon the simultaneous presence of chorus girls, comedians, and tired business men. With the musical show and with vaudeville (which latter seems just within these past war months to be returning) the stage holds powerful cards with which to make a bid for the attention of the common man.

In the popularity throughout America of the vaudeville and the musical show there is a lesson to be learned about the temperament of our people. It is something that one of the most successful of our popular magazines, *Reader's Digest* (and its imitators), recognizes but that the stage has yet to understand — the American craving for variety. Even the motion picture theaters, clinging to the double feature and supplementing that with news reels, cartoons, and other "shorts," recognize this craving. Back

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in the day when the stage reigned alone one observes from old playbills that Shakespearean tragedy was not above sharing an evening with curtain-raisers — more than one. Theatrical producers may well ponder how their medium can once again provide that spice of variety our public seems to demand.

If the stage can learn something of public taste from *Reader's Digest* it might also ponder the other great magazine success, *Life*, and its imitators. *Life* has recognized another hunger of the great American public: that for picturesque action. As a people we are insatiably curious, but intellectually we are also rather lazy. *Life* solves the dilemma by satisfying our curiosity about people, places, events, without making us work too hard. Our dramatists have perhaps been too exacting on their public; perhaps they have given it too many words and not enough pictures.

If it wants to be a popular institution after the war the stage should meditate on these things — and also on another craving so central as to be at the heart of the success of movies and vaudeville and musical shows as well as of *Reader's Digest* and *Time* and *Life* — speed. Our drama has inclined to be out of step with our tempo; it has moved a little too slowly, lingered a bit too fondly. And this is something that Americans, for better or for worse, cannot tolerate. Our passion for speed may eventually destroy us, but while we last everything must be geared to it or fall behind. It is a challenge our playwrights have not yet met, for they seem not fully to have comprehended it.

In the theater of the common man, high comedy will probably be missing, and that will be a loss. For high comedy implies, as it seems to me, a stabilized society in which there is a leisure class with the time and capacity to cultivate wit for its own sake. In the years after this war, if I hold to my primary assumption as to the kind of world we shall inhabit, no such stabilized society will immediately exist. Already our social stability has been so shattered that one of our most eminent writers of high comedy has had to admit that this is "no time for comedy."

Whether classic high comedy will be enjoyed in revivals will remain to be seen. Molière has been exceedingly popular in Soviet Russia, where he has received far more performances in the past

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twenty years than he has in the United States — this in spite of the fact that Russia has produced less contemporary high comedy during the same period than we have and certainly has had a smaller leisure class. Perhaps that only proves the universality of Molière, a fact that after all needed no further proof.

As for tragedy, there seems a strong hope that the day of its renascence is at hand. The years just passed have provided few if any examples of the drama which exalts the beholder, which purges him through pity and fear. Eugene O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson have winged their way toward the summits, but both have fallen back because pessimism and lack of faith weighed on them too heavily.

The day just passed has been a bad one for tragedy. The dualistic philosophy of Hegel, the dialectic materialism of Marx, the evolutionary theories of Darwin, the psychological explorations of Freud, have all conspired, as their several and collective influences spread, to rob man of that sense of finality without which tragedy cannot come into being. As we have lost sight of our relationship to a divine order and have come to inhabit an increasingly anthropocentric world, man seems, paradoxically, to have grown smaller and meaner. Our strong, clear sense of right and wrong, of good and evil, have been blurred; heroism has been cynically discarded as the expedient has come to be worshipped. In such an atmosphere tragedy looms as disproportionate to the scale on which we live and is discarded — or, rather, shrivels away.

But our moment in time is a heroic moment. A world is dying, and a world is being born. In the struggle, good and evil reassert themselves as forces which all must recognize. As he suffers and fights for the sake of truth, man once more takes on heroic stature. A new faith, a new hope, spring up; and not far behind them will come a new sense of the tragic. The theater of tomorrow may or may not belong to the common man, but it is inescapable that it will reflect the new and positive awareness of life and death that these battlefields today call forth. And that is the food of tragedy.

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Vermont Day

Addison Hibbard

The blue-black hills cup new-made lakes of mist,
The darting finch quick threads the morning sky;
And the broad meadows rich in hay, wind kissed,
Ripple their message that the day is nigh.

The mower in the valley clacks his way,
The hay-rick creaks across the covered bridge;
A crow, derisive in the full noon-day,
Calls, raucous, from the hillside's rocky ridge.

At dusk the cows crowd 'round the pasture gate,
The swooping swallow lifts and glides in flight;
And stars behind their purpling curtain wait
The herald moon's announcement of the night.

Hills, mist, and lowing kine, bird-wing and star, —
These are sweet things of earth — and mine they are.

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The Anglo-American Future

Sir Frederick Whyte

IN THE Winter 1942–43 issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Mr. Harold Nicolson wrote with characteristic pungency on "Anglo-American Misunderstanding," and concluded his article with the words:

> I see no possibility of basing any stable international relationship upon the affection felt by the masses of one nation for the masses of another. Such affection is largely imaginary. On the other hand I am sure that the interests of the United States and Great Britain are coincident and that it would be a disaster to mankind if after the war we were to go our different ways.

Most people will agree with Mr. Nicolson's second statement, but many may not be able to deduce any definite conclusion from his first, which is an important part of the truth in all international relations. Much effort has been spent on the attempt to create a better state of feeling between the two great families of the English-speaking world, and Mr. Nicolson's contribution is all the more welcome for its candor and pertinence.

Let me try to add a political footnote to his plea by approaching the problem of Anglo-American relations, not from the point of view of the contrasts in our national psychologies, but from the starting point of an attempt to define the service which the rest of the world expects the two English-speaking Powers to render to humanity after the war. I adopt this line of approach because I believe that the task which awaits our combined efforts is one which far transcends the "interests" either of Britain or of America, or of both combined, and that if we set our design of policy within the limits of Anglo-American interests narrowly conceived, we shall likely encounter the same resistance of prejudice arising from our unique common past since 1783 as

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has defeated all former efforts to place Anglo-American cooperation on an enduring foundation.

At the outset, we must place this Second World War in its proper relation to the movement of modern history. And to do so we shall have to take a long view from a station of outlook above the problems and perplexities of the immediate moment. Here in the fifth decade of the twentieth century we find ourselves beset on all sides by the powerful cross-currents of an age which has never found itself. The disorder of our surroundings is not only that of actual conflict in war, it is the evidence of a process of historic change which has been under way ever since the comparative political stability of the nineteenth century gave place to that movement-without-design which is the chief characteristic of the present period of transition. This description of the quality of the present century — *movement-without-design* — is not adopted to suggest that the world of today is merely a thoughtless chaos. So to describe it would be to ignore the evident design of Communist policy since 1917; or again it would ignore the specific program of the forcible unification of Europe under a totalitarian régime. These are designed to supplant the capitalism and the balance of power prevailing in the nineteenth century; and, as such, are significant parts of the new phase of transition. But, since they fail to satisfy the peoples who were the original creators of western civilization, there must be some other goal to the search for a new order in world affairs.

It has become a commonplace to say that the only effective treatment of world problems must be *economic*, and that the excessive attention paid to the *political* settlement in 1919 led the world astray in the years that followed. This is manifestly true; but the opposite danger now arises, and there is no little risk today that the world may forget the ultimate necessity for placing the fulfillment of any economic design within the frame of a stable political order. The outline of this new order is probably the chief thing on which the world as a whole seeks light and guidance from the United Nations and, within the circle of the United Nations, from the United States and Great Britain. Not that the other peoples desire, or would long tolerate, Anglo-Saxon

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domination; nor do they greatly fear it. Their present apprehensions arise more sharply from a besetting doubt whether the leading Powers among the United Nations have conceived any common plan beyond the rhetoric of the Four Freedoms or the Eight Points of the Atlantic Charter, which still lack marrow and substance. And they rightly fear that the hour of victory may strike before the United Nations are ready to lay the foundations and commence the structure of a stable peace.

How, then, are these Nations, and more particularly the leading Powers, to prepare in time for the task? The undertaking requires, at one and the same time, a design of international architecture and the cooperative capacity to fulfil it. Which of these two comes first? Does the design when revealed help to create and foster the cooperative purpose? Or is the original will to cooperate the prime factor in our problem? In other words, did the organs of collective security fail to operate in the period between the two wars because they were inherently defective, or because the operators themselves lacked the master motive of international cooperation? Doubtless, there is a sense in which these two factors are so interdependent that they are inseparable; but it cannot be said *either* that the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League were so defective that they justified the refusal to cooperate in working them out, *or* that they could not have been used to great benefit if all the major Powers had remained in step with one another after 1919. It is commonly accepted now that if the United States had seen fit to emerge from the seclusion of the North American Continent and to make common cause with the European members of the League, the whole history of these tragic years might have been very different. And probably the United States came much nearer to that decision than the result of the debate on the Treaty would suggest. I am inclined to think that the refusal to participate arose less from disapproval of the treaty itself than from the still strongly-held conviction that the interests and ideals of the American people would best be served by pursuing the line of policy inaccurately described as "isolation."

If this assumption be true, the essence of the matter today lies

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in the question whether the United States — both people and government — are likely to conclude that they have reached a turning point in their political history from which they ought to set a new course. America will have to ask herself whether the defense of those very things which seemed to have required isolation in the past may not require its reversal now. In seeking the answer the American people may find some guidance in the experience of Great Britain during the past forty years; and before making their final choice they will doubtless look squarely at the consequences of a refusal to participate in new international responsibilities.

Taking first the experience of Great Britain since the death of Queen Victoria— the passing of the great Queen not only brought to an end a reign of the unusual length and significance of sixty-four years, but it marked the close of an era in which the nineteenth century balance of forces had created what was then thought to be a permanent equilibrium. When Victoria celebrated her Diamond Jubilee in 1897, Europe still lived by the balance of power, and the world outside Europe lived under the Pax Britannica maintained by British sea power.

In the following year the first of those German statutes was passed which laid the foundation of German sea power; and the policy of Imperial Germany drove forward to the two-fold aim: *first*, to create a European régime in which the Triple Alliance should dominate the continent; *second*, to challenge the British command of the seas. In the end the power of Imperial Germany broke under the strain of this double objective, but the historic movement thus set on foot was destined to have such far-reaching consequences that the old equilibrium was finally destroyed, while the onward march of other forces radically altered the position of Great Britain. And we now see that the total effect of these forty years of accelerating change has been to make the whole international world something like a *tabula rasa* on which some new design must be drawn. Compared with the Victorian age, our own reveals new component parts which must find their appropriate place in the design to be adopted. Europe requires a plan of reconstruction to replace the former equilibrium. The

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United States now stands on the world scene as a Great Power — one of the very greatest — in a sense which was not true of her during the nineteenth century. And the peoples of Asia are commencing to play a part of their own which they hardly conceived for themselves (except Japan) a generation ago.

Now, these forces were not detected, nor was their operation foreseen, when Britain took her new course in foreign action after the South African War. But it was under their influence that Britain forsook her own kind of "isolation" and embarked on the European policy of an understanding with France. It is perhaps worth recalling to our short memories that Britain was the great isolationist in the nineteenth century, describing her position as "splendid isolation" — detachment here meaning, as it usually means in the American vocabulary, a policy of non-commitment in Europe. But, such was the disturbance created in Europe by German policy that Britain was forced to intervene. At the moment of intervention there were many commentators who saw in it merely a characteristic act of policy designed to restore the threatened balance of power, similar to British moves against Philip of Spain, Louis XIV, and Napoleon. But it was to prove something more; for, during the process of intervention in which eventually the United States joined Great Britain, the belief in the balance of power declined and the new conception of collective security took its place. In its turn, however, the collective system proved no more effective in stabilizing Europe than the balance of power; and the peoples concerned now find themselves driven to seek by collective action in war that security which an imperfect collective system failed to give them in time of peace. Sheer necessity has compelled them to make common cause in war. Will they see the same necessity for a prolonged effort of constructive cooperation in peace?

I think it may be said that, though the discouraging experience of the past twenty years has bred caution and perhaps scepticism, the bulk of the British people believe today that a world order created by collective action is the best guarantee of security and progress. And, though there is neither in the British Isles, nor anywhere else in the world, the crusading zeal for international

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utopia which prevailed in 1918, the consequences of a second failure to create the new order are realized, and thus the necessity for a long effort of constructive cooperation is perceived, even if all its implications are not understood. One thing, however, is well understood; namely, that the hour has struck for Great Britain to take stock of her own position in a radically altered world in which the nineteenth century setting of world affairs has disappeared. And it seems reasonable to suggest that this change can hardly fail to affect the United States so profoundly as to provoke the reconsideration of the fundamental principles of American policy. It is indeed bound to affect them both, perhaps in varying and unequal measure, inasmuch as the conditions in which each of them pursued its policy for over a hundred years (America in continental, and Britain in trans-oceanic expansion) have disappeared, while at the same time their interest in a stable and progressive order of society is greater than ever.

Let us see whether some further probing and speculating on the probable outlook and mood of Britain in the immediate postwar era may offer evidence valid for American consideration. The first thing that strikes the British eye is that the totalitarians have a system of their own which they seek to install in the place of the balance of power; and they do it under the specious guise of the "unity of Europe." But since this European unity is not the result of a spontaneous European movement, the British people must perforce see in it merely a modern version of that very continental hegemony which they fought four great wars, and are now fighting a fifth, to prevent. The second thing now being gradually perceived in England is, that whereas it was comparatively easy after the first three of these wars to restore the equilibrium of Europe — after the defeat of Armada Spain, Napoleonic France, and Imperial Germany — the component parts of a possible balance of power in Europe no longer exist. Moreover, the likelihood that an Anglo-Soviet combination will succeed in recreating an effective collective system when the Anglo-French combination failed to achieve this result is not strong enough to breed confidence. Confidence can only revive if we can undertake the task with assured American support.

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Here is the point at which the British outlook and purpose become uncertain. There appear to be these alternatives now offered Great Britain: *either* a combined Anglo-Soviet-American effort to make peace and lay the foundations of security, *or* a prospect from which genuine American participation is withdrawn. For all effective purposes, we must leave the other powers out of the reckoning. The enemy powers will be (at first) excluded by defeat; France will not have recovered the necessary internal cohesion and strength to play the part of a creator or guarantor of policy, and no other power possesses the capacity to perform any European function of continental scope. Indeed no single power, not even an Anglo-Soviet partnership, is adequate to the task. There is, of course, much promise in the Anglo-Soviet Twenty-Year-Alliance, but how far shall we be able "to cherish the promise of its good intent," and how near are we to the fulfillment of the promise it contains? Not near enough, in the present state of judgment, to draw any assurance that the treaty will become the instrument of European pacification and security. If Europe is left mainly, or solely, in Anglo-Soviet hands after the war, there is a danger that these two powers, so far from conceiving the European problem as an indivisible whole, will remain each at its own end of the continent, only assuming responsibility for that which lies nearest to it. The continent might then appear to have a new equilibrium in revolving round the two poles provided by Britain and Russia; but security would be illusory, and between the eastern and western poles there would be an extensive No Man's Land.

Cooperation by the United States, however, gives promise of sound treatment, whereas the withdrawal of American power would almost certainly compel Great Britain to confine her European commitments within such narrow limits as almost to amount to British isolation. Therefore, the crucial question is whether Britain and America can at long last find a basis of common action and keep in step while the plan is being accomplished. I agree with Mr. Nicolson that the permanent interests of these two powers are "coincident"; but I am also convinced that they still need to translate "coincidence" into community of purpose.

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Transmutation

Karl K. Darrow

WHEN the sirens blew to celebrate the armistice accepted at Compiègne no element had ever been transmuted. Not one full year had elapsed thereafter before the very first of transmutations was announced. By the time, twenty years later, that Hitler marched into Poland every element without an exception had been changed by artifice into at least one other, and every element without exception had been obtained by transmutation from at least one other. Perhaps, indeed, this triumph of science, transmutation, may make the twenty years between the world wars more memorable than the wars that they divided. After all, there are many more people today who know the name of Archimedes than could describe the war in which he fell.

Since "element" and "transmutation" are very ancient words and the former at least has had a great many meanings, I must explain the modern sense. It would do less than no good to remember at this point the "earth, water, air, and fire" of the Greeks, or any medieval notions of the kind. The elements with which we are concerned are the ninety-odd elements of the modern chemist, by far the greater part of which — all but a few of the metals, in fact — have been isolated and identified and hallmarked during the last two hundred years as *the* elements. Some of them are extremely familiar: I have only to mention gold and silver, mercury and copper, to call up definite images to the mind of every reader. Nearly everyone has also heard the names nitrogen and oxygen and hydrogen and knows that air is obtained by mixing the first two, and water by combining the last two. Almost everyone would recognize a fifth of the list, fewer would be able to claim one-half, while anybody who could truthfully aver that he had heard the names europium and holmium would be almost a professional. I shall mention, however, only the first

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eight and the last: (1) *hydrogen*, (2) *helium*, (3) *lithium*, (4) *beryllium*, (5) *boron*, (6) *carbon*, (7) *nitrogen*, (8) *oxygen* and, last of all, (92) *uranium*. That I should speak of "the first eight" and "the last" implies that there is an ordering of the elements. So there is — an ordering sanctified by long tradition and, what is better, by sound understanding. It is very nearly the order of the weights of the atoms of the elements, increasing along the procession. I shall return to this later.

Until the year 1919 every element retained its identity unchanged, resisting every attack and artifice and strategem of chemist and physicist alike. This would be of little significance had the armaments of chemist and physicist been feeble or their ingenuity slight. But the armaments were strong, even in the days before the first world war. They comprised: (1) temperatures high enough to melt or even to boil any solid; (2) pressures as high as those prevailing many miles down in the earth; (3) electric currents strong enough to melt an ordinary wire — voltages in the hundreds of thousands; (4) chemical reagents capable of corroding the most untarnishable of metals and of etching the most impervious of glasses. Altogether, chemists and physicists had the means for doing a great deal; and they were intelligent. We now know that there was nothing they missed — all the advantages of hindsight have not as yet suggested a single method whereby, with the means at their disposal, they could have achieved transmutation. The feat required something new. Actually, this "something new" had been supplied in 1898; but it took twenty years and the genius of a Rutherford to make the application. That "something new" may be called, alternatively, either *very high energy* or *very high voltage*. To explain the nature of this very high energy or voltage and why it is essential to transmutation, I must describe the structure of the atom.

An atom may be imagined as a miniature of the solar system, with negative electrons swirling like planets around a central sun. It is the central sun that now concerns us — the "nucleus" of the atom, bearing a positive charge holding the electrons in their orbits. Here arises one of the defects of the analogy between the atom and the solar system — gravity binds the planets to the sun,

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but in the atom the forces of attraction are electrical. This should not bother us greatly, for the electrons are about to depart from the scene of our interest. I detain them only long enough to say that the positive charge of the nucleus determines the number of the electrons, and the number of the electrons determines the chemical nature of the atom. That is to say, the positive charge of the nucleus determines the chemical nature of the atom.

I now return to my list of the first few elements and the last: (1) hydrogen, (2) helium, (3) lithium and so on to (92) uranium. *The number prefixed to each element indicates the positive charge of the nucleus.* Of course, this statement is true only if we choose the right unit of charge. The right unit of charge is equal to the charge of the electron. Now the electron vanishes from this paper and we are left alone with the nucleus, or rather with the nuclei, for obviously there must be at least as many different kinds of nuclei as there are elements.

It is unlikely that many of my readers have escaped seeing the curious term "atom-smashing." This is a fine example of journalese; and journalese, as everyone knows, is the *bête noire* of the scientist. Even black beasts may have their good points, however; and "atom-smashing" is so odd a mixture of good points and bad that I think I can avail myself of the good points and even turn the bad to advantage. The term's demerit is that it suggests it is the atom that is smashed. Now, without being positively incorrect, this is a misleading idea, for it diverts attention from the fact that what happens in transmutation happens first and foremost to the nucleus. Transmutation is an adventure of the nucleus; whatever happens elsewhere is a consequence of what happens to the nucleus. The term's grand merit is that it suggests a hard blow with a hammer. For many kinds of transmutation this is an excellent suggestion and very much to be recommended, if only one remembers two things always: it is the *nucleus* that is struck a hard blow as with a hammer; and the only hammer small enough to strike a nucleus is another nucleus. Transmutation is in many cases the result of a hammer blow — a very hard blow in which hammer and anvil alike are nuclei. Transmutation (with very few exceptions) always affects two nuclei at once.

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This is the mighty hammer blow no man could strike until the hammers were provided in 1898, and that no man did strike until Rutherford in 1919 saw that the opportunity had been given. In 1898 radioactive bodies such as radium, which pour out nuclei of helium moving with such tremendous speeds as to be exceedingly powerful hammers, were discovered and isolated. There followed during the next twenty years a series of discoveries which we now can see as essential preparations for the great event, though the event itself was not foreseen by any. In 1919 Rutherford put nitrogen in the way of these fast-moving nuclei. He watched his experiments with adequate means for finding out what might be going on — and discovered that *transmutation* was taking place.

After his first success Rutherford used the same procedure for transmuting about a score of elements. Then in 1932, after a period of quiescence, came the era of machines. In the first decade of transmutation the only available hammers were the rapidly-moving nuclei which the naturally radioactive bodies — or some of them — emit. But naturally radioactive bodies are rare, costly, hard to isolate, and strictly limited in amount. When the Curies prepared the first pure sample of radium it consisted of just one two-hundred-millionth part by weight of the three tons of ore from which it had been separated by a long and wearisome process. Hydrogen, however, is one of the elements most abundant in nature. And every one of its nuclei is potentially a hammer — potentially, indeed, a better hammer than a helium nucleus. To convert it into an effective hammer it must first be separated from the electron that normally keeps it company, and then it must be speeded up. The first step is comparatively easy. A luminous electric glow, very like the glow of neon in the familiar orange tubes, is kindled in a tube of hydrogen gas. Some fraction of the hydrogen molecules will be parted into atoms, and some fraction of these will be reduced to nuclei separated from their electrons. The second step consists in applying high voltage, the higher the better, to these isolated nuclei.

Normally it is hard to define what is "large" and what is "small," what ought to be called "high" and what ought to be

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called "low," for any qualities but length and weight — and for these we use the natural dimensions of a man as a familiar if not a reasonable standard. In this electrical era, however, everyone knows that the voltage laid onto a household, and serving all the appliances therein, is usually 110 and is decidedly not something to be trifled with, even though discomfort rather than death ordinarily results from applying this voltage to oneself. The figure *five million volts* will consequently seem large to my readers, and so it ought. Five million is a potent voltage by any reasonable standards and was never even approached — except in thunderbolts, which by reason of their briefness and uncontrollability are supremely useless objects — before the days of deliberate effort to improve the art of creating voltages for the purposes of transmutation. It is the figure attained in the best of the "Van de Graaff machines." In Lawrence's cyclotron the nuclei run a spiral course passing over and over again through a moderate voltage, the effect being the same as though they passed once only through a voltage far higher than any as yet created by man. Just when the present war began, the hydrogen nuclei coursing through the newest cyclotron were exposed step by step to the equivalent of sixteen million volts. On the other hand, many a good piece of work has been done with a million or even half a million volts, though few scientists would so limit themselves if they could afford to do better.

It is interesting to remark that both these devices — Lawrence's cyclotron, Van de Graaff's electrostatic generator — are the inventions of Americans, and even more interesting to note why this should be deemed interesting. In the arts of engineering we are so accustomed to the prowess of this country that we regard it as something to be taken for granted, not deserving particular comment. But in the arts of "pure" science Europe until quite lately held the lead. An American still notes with a feeling of pride and surprise commingled that in one important division of physics the apparatus essential to progress was largely designed in his country, and to this day is to be found in his country in an abundance greater by far than in all the rest of the world put together.

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The purpose of these devices is to apply gigantic voltages to nuclei of hydrogen and helium, thereby raising them to gigantic speeds, and to plunge them against targets containing the nuclei destined to be transmuted. The target may be a plate or a film of the element to be studied or a chemical compound of that element; or the element itself, or one of its compounds, in a gaseous form. Usually, though not always, all the bombarding nuclei are swallowed up and absorbed into the target. By far the greater part fritter away their speed as they bump around among the target atoms; there they remain or thence they emerge in the course of time still just the same as they were when they entered. One in ten million, perhaps, will have made a lucky hit — a square and central impact, at a moment when it was still endowed with most of its pristine speed, against a single one of the target nuclei. This square and central hit by the fast-moving hammer is essential to "atom-smashing"; and rarely does it happen.

Now that I have returned to the word "atom-smashing" I shall mention its second and gravest demerit. The process is not a smashing at all, either of atom or of nucleus, but something entirely different, simple but hard to fit with a simile. Smashing connotes a breaking into useless pathetic fragments, good only to be swept away as rubbish; and nothing could convey a more erroneous idea of transmutation. Smashing occurs when a waiter drops a trayful of dishes. If, instead of finding the floor bestrewn with valueless pieces, he should find it covered not with the same dishes but with dishes as good as the originals, he would observe something not too unlike transmutation. Biology offers a better example, because a real one. Two cells may fuse into one, this one cell subsist for a time and divide then into two, which are not at all the same as the first two cells even though they be made wholly of the same matter. Transmutation is a similar process, except that the period of the union is too short to be observed. We see the first pair and the last pair and divine the transitory stage of union into the "compound nucleus," which is formed of the first pair and divides to form the second.

It appears that all nuclei are made up of two kinds of particles

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only, varying in number from one kind of nucleus to another. One kind of elementary particle, the proton, bears a positive charge and the other, the neutron, no charge at all; both are of nearly the same weight. We may imagine these clusters of particles, which we call nuclei, rambling around in space for uncountable ages intact and immune till one of them gets into a cyclotron and is swept into collision and immediate contact with another cluster, whereupon the two proceed to merge into a greater cluster containing all the particles of both. Very soon the greater cluster falls apart into two, but for some mysterious reason the particles in the interim have sorted themselves out in patterns different from those obtaining when they entered the cyclotron.

The simplest of all nuclei are those consisting of one elementary particle of the one kind or the other. The charged elementary particle by itself, a hydrogen nucleus, is called the "proton," the Greek word for "first." The chargeless particle by itself is called the neutron, a hybrid word of obvious origin. Since the neutron has no charge it cannot draw electrons around itself to constitute an atom and is often, therefore, not classified among nuclei. One proton and one neutron linked together form another kind of hydrogen nucleus called "deuteron," after the Greek word for "second." Two protons and two neutrons linked together form the helium nucleus, of which I have said so much already. I have now named all of the nuclei commonly used as projectiles or hammers. Lacking the space to describe all of the several hundred "anvil" nuclei, I shall merely mention that the largest and heaviest known nuclei contain 239 of the elementary particles, with the neutrons in the majority.

It is at last time to explain why high speeds of impact are demanded and colossal high-voltage machines are built to provide them. The reader may have guessed the reason already: the repulsion between the positive charges of hammer and anvil that has to be overcome before the two can enter into contact and merge with one another. Once the contact occurs the merger is spontaneous — in fact the subsequent division of the compound nucleus may liberate an enormous amount of energy. But the contact is necessary, and the high voltage is requisite.

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At this point it may occur to the reader that I have spoken of a particle, the neutron, that is chargeless and should consequently be able to make contact with a nucleus without overcoming any repulsion at all and therefore without acquiring any high speed at all. This is, indeed, true. The neutron is the most versatile and the most widely capable of all our agents of transmutation; for many processes it is the favored, if not the only available, missile. It does not, however, follow that the high-voltage machines can be turned into scrap. Free neutrons are scarcely to be found in nature except just after a physicist sets them free from some nucleus or other; and the only way of setting them free is to carry on one or another of the processes of transmutation in which hammers and anvils alike are charged.

I can no longer defer what to many a reader will seem a sad anticlimax. If visions have been formed of blocks of lead transmuted into gold, the produce of the aluminum mines of the world turned into silver, or (what might be more desirable at the moment) that of the silver mines turned into aluminum, or the inert nitrogen of the air converted into refreshing oxygen — discard them now. Not enough of any new-made element has as yet been made to weigh it or handle it. Special apparatus is required for detecting transmutation — less elaborate and much less ponderous than the apparatus for producing it, but still very ingenious. All this may be quite a blow to one's hopes.

Nevertheless, the achievement of transmutation is highly important for both practical and philosophical reasons. The practical importance lies chiefly in the fact that literally every element can now be created in a radioactive form. Formerly the only radioactive elements were few and far between, nearly all of them were rare and costly, the useful ones especially costly and especially rare. Even now the making of radioactive elements is no cheap affair; but the variety of those now to be had from any cyclotron or any Van de Graaff machine is such as to broaden immensely their value in the curative fields of medicine and in the basic fields of the physiology of organisms, animal and plant alike. Owing to the radioactive elements born out of transmutation, the workings of the human body are certainly better under-

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stood, and will increasingly be much better understood, than ever before. Moreover, there is a notable number of people who owe *in some cases life, in others the alleviation of pain, to the new* discoveries about the body.

A physicist could write at length about the philosophical importance of transmutation, for the phenomena of transmutation have confirmed his earlier ideas as to the structure of the atom and have amplified them with many new ideas. Particles of matter and of light having energies hitherto unheard of — except in the cosmic rays — have been produced and their properties have been studied. Powerful forces operating within the nucleus, and compared with which the forces of gravity and electricity are feeble, have been recognized and examined. The theory of relativity, which affirms that mass and energy are ultimately the same, has been justified in its startling claim. The conversion of light into electricity and of electricity into light are by-products of transmutation.

New breeds of animals and plants, new chemical compounds, new alloys, new plastics, are all familiar. But man's proudest feat *is not that of having used the elements to create new compounds:* it is to have created the very elements themselves — all the eighty-nine which were known beforehand, and three apparently new. These three are those which are numbered 43, 85, 93. Not enough of any of these has been made to be weighed or handled or seen; but since novelty is always fascinating, and since the creation of elements entirely new is in itself a wonder, I can fittingly end this article by mentioning them.

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Leon Felipe: Poet of Spain's Tragedy

Bertram D. Wolfe

IT IS time that we in the United States knew something about Leon Felipe. Because he is the humblest and simplest of Spain's poets, because he is a solitary who can neither hunt with the pack nor join the clique nor form part of the school nor follow the directives of the party, because he is at once mystic and equalitarian — not today a wonted combination — he is neither written about nor translated into English. For nearly a quarter century his slender volumes of poetry have been going forth, one after another, each of them heralded as a literary event throughout the Spanish-speaking world. His rare public addresses, with no organization of any kind to sponsor them, have been literary events too, crowding the largest halls in Mexico City, Panama, Havana, Madrid, and other capitals. He lived and taught here in the United States for a few years and has sympathetically translated some of the best of our writers, ranging from Walt Whitman to Dos Passos, yet his very name is unknown among us.

For that matter, his private life, his real name, are unknown to many who cherish his poetry in Spain and Latin America. What he thinks and feels about man, God, Spain, and the universe is an open book with no concealments. But what he has been through and privately suffered is fully known perhaps to no one. What I have been able to glean of his personal life from the passionate monologues which are his private conversation — without benefit of that "formalized curiosity" known as research — boils down to little, and some of that uncertain.

His real name is Leon Felipe Camino (prophetic name, for *camino* is road and this man was born to wander unceasingly: he dropped the family name with his first book of poems lest people should think that it was assumed as a pose or inept wordplay). The anthologies, which by their nature seem to give the date of

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birth of all their poets, omit his. Born near the close of the last century in the most *castizo* heart of Castille, in the little village of Sequeros, Salamanca, he has been, among other things, a wandering actor (a *cómico* he told me, with that air of absorption in the tragedy of life which characterizes him); an apothecary in Spain and, for a year, on the penal island of Fernando Po; a professor of Spanish letters at Cornell and the Universities of Mexico and New Mexico; a shepherd expiating his sense of personal guilt with other shepherds on the bare hills of Northern Portugal; a wandering poet in many Latin American countries; a resident on and off since 1922 in Mexico; a returned son of Spain during the Spanish Civil War putting his pen at the service of the Republic; and now, once more, an exile in Mexico. How he got to Fernando Po is the subject of many a legend: for his part, he does not talk of it, nor would he ever commit to paper one of the greatest of his poems which one night in a Mexican café he recited to me, because it excoriates the governor of that penal island and brings back rejected memories.

His published works are often fugitive: a poem handed in manuscript to this or that friend, to whom it has been dedicated, finds its way into a magazine through the initiative of the recipient; public addresses recorded in the ephemeral pages of daily papers, discourses which are masterpieces of Spanish prose with overtones and core of poetry (in Panama there are those who still remember and can recite by heart his bitter *Adiós a Panamá*, which was his response to their farewell tribute). Besides these fugitive things which rank with his best work, there are a number of more formally published slender volumes: *Versos y oraciones del caminante* — Verses and Prayers of the Wanderer (1922); *Versos y oraciones del caminante, Segunda Serie* (1930); *Drop a Star* — the original title is in English (1933); *El payaso de las bofetadas y el pescador de caña* — The Clown Who Gets Slapped and the Man with the Fishing Rod (1938); *Antología* — which includes poems from all of the above works and some not in any of them (1938); *El hacha* — The Axe (1939).

Despite its begetting of Gongorism, Spanish poetry is noted

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for its employment of the simple language of the common folk, but in a land of popular poets, Leon Felipe is probably the most simple and most popular. From the very outset — long before he had discovered and translated *Leaves of Grass* — he had become impatient of the restrictions which even the easy metrics and assonantal rhyme of Spanish poetry impose upon utterance and feeling.

> Unmake that verse.
> Strip it of the adornments of rhyme,
> meter, cadence
> and even of the idea itself . . .
> Shake the words to the winds . . .
> and if there still remains something
> that
> will be poetry.

Such is his "theory" of poetry as expressed in one of his earlier writings. Yet, when he chooses to use consonantal rhyme and more complicated cadences, his verse does not for that lose anything of its simplicity. Not only the language and the thought but the very metaphors are as a rule humble and transparently simple. This, for instance, from his first book, expresses the equalitarian spirit of all his work:

> I ride with tight rein
> restraining my flight
> for the point is not to be first and alone
> but to get there with all and on time

And in the *Antología* there is the poem *Revolution:*

> Always there'll be superior snow
> robing in ermine the high hill
> and humble water toiling below
> to turn the wheel of the mill.
> And always a sun — slayer and friend —
> changing to tears the snow forever
> and to cloud the water of the river.

While in one of his latest discourses (1940) we find: "The whole of my poetry is in the line, Why are there not shoes yet for everybody?"

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But, of course, that is not the whole of his poetry. The second immanent strain is that of the mystic. Not that Leon Felipe is a good son of the Church, far from it. Witness, for instance, God and the Bishop (1940):

God who knows everything
is a simpleton
and now he is kidnapped
by some bandit archbishops
who make him say over the radio
"Hallo! Hallo! Here I am with them."
But that doesn't mean that he is on their side
but that he is there, a prisoner.
He tells where he is, no more,
so that we may know
and may save him.

As a simple expression of the homely religious mysticism that runs through all of his poetry, we can take his

Ascension

And Thou leavest,
saintly pastor,
Thy flock in this
dark vale . . .
— Fray Luis de Leon

He came here
then went away.
Came, set our task
and went away.

Maybe behind that cloud
is one who works
even as we.
Maybe the stars
are only lighted windows
of a factory
where God has a job
to distribute, just as here.

He came here
and went away.
Came, filled our safe

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with millions of centuries and centuries,
left a few tools . . .
and went away.

He who knows all there is
knows that let alone
without gods to watch us
we do our work better.

Behind you there is no one, No One,
neither master nor foreman nor boss.
But time is yours.
Time and this chisel
with which God began creation.

Above all, Leon Felipe is the poet of Spain's tragedy. He sought to escape from it by his wanderings, but it followed him. He proclaimed in his first book that he had no fatherland, no *patria chica*, no sunlit house emblazoned with coat of arms, no ancient leathern armchair nor worm-eaten table, no portrait of a grandfather with one arm on his breast and the other on his sword, who had won battles. But wherever he went, he carried Spain with him, and in whatever far corner of the earth he spent the night talking till dawn in a café with a fellow exile, there Spain was communing with itself. (He fled from our Ithaca cursing because, though the university there had been endowed with a beautiful social house with comfortable tables and armchairs and alcoves, "in this accursed country there is no conversation."

When Spain's darkest hour came, he felt impelled by an irresistible force to return to the land which he had said was not his. Out of the anguish of Spain's betrayal and tragedy has come the greatest of his poetry: "The Clown Who Gets Slapped and the Man with the Fishing Rod," written during the Civil War, a bitter tirade against England and the farce of "non-intervention"; "The Axe," subtitled "Spanish Elegy," wrung from him by the factional fights inside the Republican ranks, by the fratricidal war between Republican and Falangist Spaniards, by what he regarded as the final ruin of Spain. It is dedicated:

To the Knights of the Axe
To the Crusaders of Rancor and Dust . . .
To all the Spaniards of the world.

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Space forbids more than a fragment of this long and simple monody of pain with its intolerable iteration of anguish expressed in the (for English) most prosaic words of common speech. Yet a fragment may serve to give the reader some notion of what these thirty odd pages of cumulative pain are like. This is from the invocation:

Ah the sorrow
this sorrow of no longer having tears
this sorrow
of having no more tears
to water the dust!
Ah the sorrow of Spain
which is no longer more than wrinkle and dryness . . .
screwed up face
dry grief of earth
under a sky with no rains
gasp of a well sweep
over an empty well.
Oh this screwed up Spanish face
this face dramatic and grotesque
dry dusty weeping
for the dust,
for the dust of all things ended in Spain
for the dust of all the dead
and all the ruins of Spain
for the dust of a race
now lost in History forever!

Dry weeping of dust
and for dust. For dust
of a house without walls
of a tribe without blood
of ducts without tears
of furrows without water . . .
Dry weeping of dust
for dust that will no longer agglomerate
neither to make a mud-brick
nor to raise a hope.
Oh yellow accursed dust
given us by rancor and pride
of centuries

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and centuries
and centuries . . .
For this dust is not of today
nor come to us from abroad
we are all desert and African . . .

Nobody here has any tears
and for what are we to live
if we have no tears?
For what have we any longer to weep
if our weeping does not bind?
In this land
tears do not bind
neither tears nor blood . . .
Sandy earth without water
wrung flesh without tears
rebellious dust of rancorous rock
and hostile lavas
yellow atoms and sterile
of unfruitfulness
vengeful motes
sand quarry of envy . . .
wait dry and forgotten
till the sea overflows . . .

Why have you all said
that in Spain there are two bands
if there is only dust?

In Spain there are no bands
in this land there are no bands
in this accursed land there are no bands
there is only a yellow axe
which rancor has edged sharp
an axe which falls always
always
always
implacable and tireless
on any humble union:
on two prayers that fuse
on two tools that interlace
on two hands that grasp each other.
The order is to chop

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to chop
to chop
to chop till dust is reached
down to the atom.
Here there are no bands
there are no bands
neither reds
nor whites
nor patricians
nor plebeians . . .
Here there are only atoms
atoms that bite one another . . .

From here no one escapes
for tell me, friend ropemaker,
is there any one who can braid a ladder
of sand and dust?

Spain
your envy was mightier
than your honor
and better you have guarded the axe
than the sword . . .
Under its edge
has been made dust
the Ark
the race
and the sacred rock of the dead;
the chorus
the dialogue
and the hymn;
the poem
the sword
and the craft;
the tear
the drop of blood
and the drop of joy . . .
And all will be made dust
all
all
all . . .
Dust with which nobody
nobody

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will ever make
either a brick
or an illusion . . . .

Leon Felipe wrote "The Axe" when he had first returned to Mexico after Spain's final agony. It seemed to him that Spain was lost forever, and that the Spaniard in exile, unlike the Jew in the Diaspora, had no faith in his own election to sustain him, no mission and no possession left to him, unless he could squeeze from dry, pain-seared eyes a tear in which there might be hope not of Spain's but of man's redemption. In a public address on the occasion of the poem's publication, there is a moving suggestion — which we do not propose now to expound further — of this as Spain's continued mission in exile. And in the midst of the overwhelming sorrow there is, if not a note of hope, yet of defiance of the forces of destruction which have triumphed in Spain. Embedded in the discourse are several fragments of verse, one dealing with his own poetry, from which we have cited the line about shoes for all; one addressed to all Spaniards; one addressed to Franco:

Yours is the treasury
the house
the horse
the pistol.
Mine is the ancient voice of the land.
You remain with everything
and I naked wandering through the world . . .
but I leave you mute . . . MUTE!
And how are you going to gather the wheat
and feed the fire
if I carry off the song?

The confused voice with which Spain speaks today suggests that the poet may have been right.

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The Constant Stars

Joel Stebbins

An address given before the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter at the University of Wisconsin

MY TEXT is from the play of Julius Caesar, Act III, Scene I. When the conspirators were gathered about Caesar in preparation for the assassination they presented a petition to him which he refused to grant, and Caesar in his reply emphasized his position by saying:

> But I am constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true fixed and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament.

It might be of interest to turn the light of modern science on this statement about the northern star and see to what extent Caesar's, or rather Shakespeare's, comment was justified. In fact, we could develop a whole course in astronomy on the constancy of the northern star. To begin with, this star, Polaris, is the nearest of the bright stars to the true pole of the heavens, the point about which the whole sky appears to rotate in the course of twenty-four hours. Polaris is used as a guide by navigators and explorers, it furnishes a reference point for astronomers, and is constantly used by engineers in laying out the streets of cities according to the points of the compass. Both now and over the centuries civilized man has used the north star as a guide whose constancy can be depended upon.

It is well known that Polaris is not exactly at the true pole, but is separated from that point by an angular distance of about one degree. You could put two full moons edge to edge between Polaris and the pole. As a consequence, the star describes a circle one degree in radius in the course of a day, giving us true north only when the star is directly above or directly below the pole. Within this circle there are hundreds of fainter stars, any one of which is

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more constant in position than Polaris. Some of them are visible to the naked eye, the others in increasing number go down to the limit of the largest telescope. These faint stars are usually of interest only to astronomers, and Polaris still holds first place as a star for general reference, but this was not always so. Owing to the slow motion of the earth's axis like the wobbling of a top, the celestial pole moves slowly across the sky, being involved in what is called the precession of the equinoxes. This precessional motion will bring the pole gradually closer to Polaris until about the year 2100 A.D., or one hundred and fifty years hence, when Polaris will be only half a degree from the pole. Then the pole will drift away until what we now call the north star will have to be called something else.

Tracing this motion backwards to the time of Shakespeare we find that Polaris was then fully four times as far away from the pole as it is at present, so that its constancy of position has improved over the centuries. In Caesar's time, if Shakespeare had cared to look it up, he would have found that Polaris was fifteen degrees from the pole, and another north star, Beta Ursa Minoris, the second star in the Little Bear, was nearest the pole, but it was seven degrees away. In fact, the celestial pole describes a great circle in the sky in a period of 26,000 years, bringing a succession of stars into the favored position of northern star, and then dropping them for new candidates to be gazed upon by successive generations of men.

All this complication about the north star is purely subjective as seen from the earth. If we forget about north and south or up and down and simply look at the stars in relation to each other, Polaris can always be found by extending the line of the Pointers of the Big Dipper, and Polaris remains in this relation to the Pointers whether viewed from the earth, from the moon, from Mars, or from any spot in the solar system. It is we who are inconstant, not the stars.

There is, however, a real motion of Polaris which in time will change its position among its neighbors. None of the constellations or configurations in the sky are really permanent; they change over the ages as the stars drift individually hither and

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yon. The proper motion of Polaris across the sky will cause it to shift by an amount equal to the moon's apparent diameter in some 40,000 years. Expressed as a velocity, this cross motion is about ten miles per second, but the star has also a velocity of approach toward the sun of another ten miles per second, giving a relative motion of Polaris and the sun of fourteen miles per second. However, using the great mass of stars as a reference system, it turns out that most of this motion is due to the sun. The sun contributes twelve miles per second and Polaris only six, the combination of speeds and angles making the resultant fourteen miles per second. The net result is that in some millions of years Polaris will come nearer to us, become brighter, and then recede and fade away.

There is another complication about the motion of Polaris in that it does not move uniformly on a straight line, but has a wavy motion in a period of thirty years, showing that it has an unseen companion star too faint to be seen but heavy enough to give the bright star this periodic motion about the center of mass of the system. Such a combination is not at all unusual among the stars. Of the thousands of apparently single stars which we can see on a clear night, at least one in every five or six has a massive companion which revolves in a period of years, months, days, or even hours. The secondaries are not planets in the ordinary sense, being for the most part relatively far larger and heavier than the planets about the sun. They shine by their own light and they are faint only in reference to their brighter primaries.

The north star is not used by astronomers simply as a reference point of position. It is even more important as a standard source of light intensity. To determine the actual radiative power of a star we must know its distance, in fact some of the figures already quoted about the velocity involve the distance of the star. It was Mark Twain who said that astronomers waste a great deal of time and effort in measuring the distances of stars. "Instead of going through all that labor of measuring the enormous number of miles between here and a star why don't they just measure half the distance and multiply by two?" But modern astronomers do much better than Mark Twain. Perhaps I ought not to give away

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trade secrets, but a far better method is simply to look at a star and then think about it. You examine the star, intelligently it is true, test its light for constancy, determine its color, measure the lines in its spectrum; this is all a matter of a few nights' work. Then you join a certain school of thought. After some contemplation you come out with a distance to the star, in many cases far better than you could get by the old-fashioned and uninspired method of simple measurement.

Now this idea of a school of thought will bear examination. By studying the characteristics of a few hundred of the near and bright stars whose distances can be measured, astronomers have arrived at a scale of so-called absolute magnitudes or intrinsic luminosities of the stars. This scale is constantly being revised; in fact there are always several scales as new evidence becomes available. Applying this method to Polaris we find that on one scale this star is intrinsically 500 times as bright as the sun. On another scale the star might be 600; on still another, 400 times the sun's brightness; so we adopt 500 as good enough for the purpose. This figure means that a planet at the distance of 93 million miles from the star Polaris would receive 500 times as much radiation as the earth does from the sun. Truly this is a giant star, and it is actually called a giant.

Knowing the intrinsic brightness at a standard distance and the apparent brightness as seen from the earth, the real distance is readily computed, and it turns out that Polaris is 200 light years away. A light year, i.e., the distance that light travels in a year, is a very large number of miles, and it makes a convenient unit for measuring stellar distances. A train running night and day at sixty miles an hour would cover one light year in 10 million years. Hence, to reach Polaris that train would have to run 200 times 10 million years. But since it takes 200 years for light to reach us from Polaris, everything we know about this star is now 200 years out of date. Other items about the star are, in very round numbers: its diameter is ten times that of the sun, its mass is ten times the sun's, and its density is 1/100 the solar density. This last figure, which makes the star only about ten times as heavy as air, may be surprising, but that the stars are gas, many

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of them very thin gas, is well known. Even the sun with a density of about 1.5 on the water standard is presumed to have a gaseous interior, but the sun is a heavy star on the scale of stellar density. Incidentally, the sun ranks as a dwarf star both as to mass and brightness.

We are not quite through with the figures on Polaris. It has been found that many giant stars of this class are slightly unstable, just as large soap bubbles do not hold their shape as well as small ones. Polaris is one of the variable or pulsating type — its light changes regularly to the extent of nearly 10 per cent in a period of four days. A slight expansion and contraction of the volume of the star in that time is sufficient to explain the phenomenon. This variation from constancy in light has caused complications, for Polaris was long used as a standard of comparison for other stars in all parts of the sky. There has now been set up a group of about one hundred stars, most of them nearer the pole than Polaris, and it is these stars, called the North Polar Sequence, that serve as standards for the light, and hence for the inferred distances, of other stars and groups of stars. When the location of the 200-inch telescope was being considered, it seemed advisable to go as far south as possible to reach the southern stars, without losing the North Pole for standards of comparison. A site at about 30° north latitude was therefore chosen, with the celestial advantages of the North Pole and the terrestrial advantages of Southern California.

But though a hundred stars are better than one, there is still something the matter with the Polar Sequence. It turns out that we do not see clearly the stars around the pole; they are partially obscured by dark interstellar material. Just as the sun is reddened near sunset by the dust and haze of the air, so are the stars around the Pole reddened by dust between us and these stars. From the amount of this reddening we conclude that the total visual light of Polaris is diminished by about 10 per cent by the dust in space. This figure shows the extreme transparency of interstellar space. A loss of 10 per cent in 200 light years means that in one light year there is less absorption by interstellar dust than there is by the air across a room.

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We turn now to the general system of the stars of which both the sun and the north star are members. During the past twenty-five years we have passed quietly through two revolutions of astronomical thought which are more significant in their way than that which Copernicus started when he changed the center of the planetary system from the earth to the sun. At the beginning of the present century our conception of the universe of stars was that it is a flattened system, much in the form of a watch or a bun, and since the stars seemed to extend by about the same distance in any two opposite directions, the sun must be near the center of the system. We now know, or think we know, that while the stars are arranged in the very flattened spheroidal figure, the sun is out of center; in fact, the sun is about two-thirds the distance from the center to one edge. We have kept the figure of the bun, but the bun now becomes a sandwich, a ham sandwich if you please, and we are in the midst of the ham. The dust between the stars is concentrated in a thin layer near the median plane of the system like the ham in the sandwich; and the sun, as fate would have it, is right in the midst of the dust. We can see out through the thin part of the layer of dust, but when we look edgewise our vision is blocked, especially toward the center of the system.

This flattened system of stars and intermingled dust is called the galaxy, and twenty years ago it was generally thought that all shining bodies down to the faintest and most distant were within the confines of the one system. It remained for the 100-inch telescope at Mount Wilson near Pasadena to give the evidence that the hazy ellipsoidal and spiral nebulae are not within the galaxy but are external and individual systems of stars. The term "island universes" for these other galaxies was not a happy one. It reminds one of the examination question where a student was asked: "Define universe; give two examples." For a time it appeared that our own galaxy was much larger than the others, but now, though our system is one of the large ones, we are down to "just another galaxy." It took mankind up to the sixteenth century to acknowledge that the earth was not at the center of the universe, and even in the early twentieth century the sun was at

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least near the center of what we could see. But now we of the earth are where we belong, revolving about an ordinary star, in an ordinary place, in an ordinary galaxy. We all should learn and repeat often the galactic multiplication table: a thousand million stars make one galaxy, a thousand million galaxies make one universe.

To complete the picture, our galaxy is about 100,000 light years across, and it contains far more than 1,000 million, possibly 100 thousand million stars. There are several other galaxies nearby at distances less than ten times the diameter of our own, that is, nearer than 1,000,000 light years. In fact, we call them the local group of galaxies. Of these the largest and brightest is the Andromeda Nebula at 700,000 light years, this system rivaling our own galaxy in size and stellar population. The other galaxies extend as far as you like, to 100 or 200 million light years, but it is doubtful if our telescopes can reach galaxies much farther than say 500 million light years.

Returning to the sun and our constant northern star, these do not now seem as important as they were. While moving with respect to each other at fourteen miles per second, they are both swept along at 200 miles per second in the current of the general rotation of the galaxy. This rotation is about the center which is 30,000 light years away, or 150 times the distance that separates the two stars. The time required for this circuit is 200 million years, an interval not negligible in the age of the earth. We may put it this way. A million years is a long time in the life of the human race. Hold out your finger at arm's length, move it an inch, then, as seen from the center of the galaxy, that is how far the sun has moved in a million years, call it the age of man.

The moon revolves about the earth, the earth about the sun, the sun about the center of the galaxy. Does that center move about still another center? Here we can stop for the present. We don't know where we are going, but we are on our way. There is one question that comes up. Do the stars endure long enough as shining bodies to outlast some of the long-time motions of the galaxies of which they are the component members? It would be too bad for our theories if, for instance, the sun could not survive

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for even one circuit about the galactic center. The answer is that the stars do appear to be old enough and they do outlast many rotations of a galaxy. We now have two rival estimates of the time a star can shine by its own light. There is the short-time scale, and there is the long-time scale. The short scale gives a star about 10^{10} years as an incandescent body (10^{10} = 10 billion); the long scale gives it 10^{12} or 10^{13} years, that is 100 or 1,000 times as much as the short scale. Since even the short scale allows the sun five times the age of the earth, and makes it good for fifty circuits of the galaxy, we may still, for practical purposes, refer to the constant stars.

But even the stars and galaxies are transient phenomena compared with the permanency of natural laws. We have such constants as the distance from the earth to the sun, the length of the year, the acceleration of gravity, and so on; but these all involve the fleeting earth. It was just fifty years ago at the Washburn Observatory that the late Professor George C. Comstock made a new determination of the so-called constant of aberration. In effect, he measured the ratio of the mean velocity of the earth in its orbit to the velocity of light. Or, putting it the other way, he found that the velocity of light is 10,090 times the velocity of the earth. If, in the future, it is found that this ratio has changed slightly, we shall have to blame it on the earth, the earth would be going faster or slower, for all scientists are agreed upon the constancy of the velocity of light. It is easy to show that light from a distant galaxy, after traveling for millions of years, arrives at the earth with the same speed as the light which has been only ten or twenty years on the way from a near-by star.

There are other fundamental properties of space and matter which are believed to be equally constant over all time, such as the gravitational action of one mass upon another, the nature of the radiation from atoms, and so on. Note that we assume them to be constant with all the evidence in our favor, but assumption is not proof. If the rules of the game were to change without notice, there would be no fun in playing it.

Thus far I have been trying to present to you the current picture of the universe as it has been evolved by modern astronomi-

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cal research. Let us call it the true picture. But it seems that other things about the stars are even more constant than the truth. What men have thought and said about them has lasted longer, and is to many tastes more interesting, than light years by the million or billion. No doubt even some of you know the story of Perseus and Andromeda better than the story of Kepler and Newton. Three thousand years are longer than three hundred. The constellations or divisions of the sky which we have inherited from the Greeks were in turn taken by them from people farther east. The Great Bear, Orion, and the Pleiades are now the same as they were in ancient times, for the ancients did their work so well that the names and stories of the stars have lasted to this day. The constellations of the Greeks were ultimately accepted and adopted by the Persians, Hindus, Arabs, the nations of Western Asia, and particularly by the Romans, from whom they have been borrowed by the modern world.

It is interesting to note some of the conceptions of the firmament held by different peoples in olden times, brought together by William Tyler Olcott.

An ancient legend was that there were no stars till the giants of old, throwing stones at the sun, pierced holes in the sky, and let the light of that orb shine through the holes which we call stars.

The Persians are said to have considered 3,000 years ago that the whole heavens were divided up into four great districts, each watched over by one of the "Royal Stars" — Aldebaran, Antares, Regulus, and Fomalhaut. These districts and stars are still there.

The Assyrians looked upon the stars as divinities endowed with beneficent or evil powers.

Among the Chaldeans the sky was regarded as a boat, shaped like a basket. The space below was the earth, which was flat and surrounded by water.

The ancient Peruvians thought that there was not a beast or bird on earth whose shape or image did not shine in the sky. They considered the sun, moon, and stars as guardian divinities and worshipped them. They also thought that the stars were the children of the sun and moon.

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The North American Indians believed that many of the stars were living creatures, and knew Ursa Major as a Bear, the same figure known in the Far East.

The Eskimos thought that some of the stars had been men and other different sorts of animals and fishes, which was also the mythical belief of the Greeks and Romans.

This idea that the stars are living creatures has persisted until even now the mother sings:

> Sleep, baby, sleep!
> The large stars are the sheep;
> The little ones the lambs, I guess
> The bright moon is the shepherdess;
> Sleep, baby, sleep!

Thus we find, as some one has put it, "Astronomy is the golden thread that runs through history and binds together all tribes and peoples of the earth; and the girdle of stars we view nightly remains as the most ancient monument of the work of intelligent man, the oldest picture book of all."

Recently there was dedicated in Mexico a new national observatory. The great telescopes of our southwest have been encroaching on the Mexican border until finally one of them has spilled over into the valley of Mexico. There, under the shadow of those two snowcapped mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtacciawatl, the new institution with modern instruments was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies by the president of the republic. Also in sight of these mountains are the pyramids of the sun and moon, dating from pre-Aztec times and rivaling the pyramids of Egypt. The Aztecs themselves had considerable astronomical knowledge, as witnessed by the great calendar stone still preserved in the national museum in Mexico City. As we stood there at the inauguration of what will be a long series of studies of the stars, one could not help wondering what the next kind of observatory would be that these same mountains would look down upon in the future. Toltec, Aztec, Spaniard, Mexican, what next? Two thousand years are not long in the life of a mountain, and what is a mountain compared with a star?

Whether we prefer fact or fancy about the stars we can always

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look at them on our own. I quote from Thomas Wright who said 200 years ago:

> Sir,
> We are told, and, if I remember right, it is also your Opinion, that three of the finest sights in Nature are a rising Sun at Sea, a verdant Landskip with a Rainbow, and a clear Star-light Evening.

One of the few advantages which Londoners derived from blackouts in the last war was a renewed acquaintance with the stars, which had been hidden for years by the glare of the lights of the city. Perhaps we can hope that the present general extension of blackouts will not be wholly without compensations.

It was Carlyle who said:

> Why did not somebody teach me the constellations and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?

Moreover, there is a great advantage in learning the stars while we are still young. They will be with us always (using "always" in the literary sense). It is quite possible to take honors in college without knowing the constellations, but you cannot become an eagle boy scout without knowing a few of the stars.

Whenever I am asked "What do you expect to see through the 200-inch telescope?" I am disposed to reply that probably most people will see more by looking *at* the telescope than by looking *through* it. It is a wonderful machine, perched on Mount Palomar, which might be described as a bit of Wisconsin placed a mile above the sea. Even the name of the mountain is an asset.

When, forty years ago, observers were searching for a location for the present Mount Wilson Observatory, Palomar was given second place because of its isolation, but that was before the day of the automobile and the airplane. The report on this mountain by the late Professor W. J. Hussey begins as follows:

> Nothing prepares one for the surprise of Palomar, there it stands a hanging garden above the arid lands. Springs of water burst out of the hillsides and cross the roads in rivulets. The road is through forests that a king might covet — oak and cedar and stately fir. A valley where the cattle stand knee deep in grass has on one side a line of hills as desolate as Nevada; on the other side, majestic slopes of pines.

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I myself have been on Palomar at night, alone except for some yelping coyotes, and there through the transparent air, far from the lights of cities, the whole sky takes on a different aspect. It is as though a veil had been removed from one's eyes, and Orion and the winter constellations have so many stars as to be almost unrecognizable. The summer Milky Way, with its two branches and the great enlargement about the center of the galaxy in Sagittarius, stands out with such prominence that one wonders why it took so long for us to decide that the sun is not at the center of things. That fact is perfectly evident when you have learned how to look, and you don't need a microscope to take in the beauties of a tree. The great telescope will reach to depths of space hitherto unsounded, but it will not improve upon the views of the forests, the sunsets, the skies, or the dawns of Palomar.

And so, behind the reality of the constant stars, which are ever with us, we have the facts and fancies developed by men. Since the fancies are so firmly established, it is easier to change the facts, and each generation adds little to the fancies but a great deal to the facts — until we of today are far on the road to an understanding of the stars. But when we think of the changing conceptions of the past and the weird ideas that even civilized man has had about the structure of the universe, we might pause to consider how much of our present knowledge is really permanent. We might reflect upon a story told by the astronomer Langley about a race of ephemeral insects who live but an hour.

> To those of these insects who are born in the early morning the sunrise is the time of youth. They die of old age while the sun beams are yet gathering force, and only their descendants live on to midday; while it is another race which sees the sun decline, from that which saw it rise. Imagine the sun about to set, and the whole nation of mites gathered under the shadow of some mushroom (to them ancient as the sun itself) to hear what their wisest philosopher has to say of the gloomy prospect. He first told them that, incredible as it might seem, there was not only a time in the world's youth when the mushroom itself was young, but that the sun in those early ages was in the eastern, not in the western sky. Since then, he explained, the eyes of scientific ephemera had followed it, and established by induction from vast experience the great "Law of Nature," that the sun moved only west-

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ward; and he showed that since it was now nearing the western horizon, science herself pointed to the conclusion that it was about to disappear forever, together with the great race of ephemera for whom it was created.

What his hearers thought of this discourse is not related, but we have heard that the sun rose again the next morning.

We cannot anticipate what the changes in science are to be. To answer the question about the great new telescope, we may say that there would be no point in building it if we already know what it would reveal. More striking discoveries will possibly be made with smaller instruments; the largest telescope will not get all the good astronomers, and there are plenty of stars for everybody. The urge of men to study the heavens is only one phase of our curiosity about the nature of things, and let us hope that this urge will remain with us always, as constant as the northern star.

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Exiled Physicians in the United States

Alfred E. Cohn

THE migration of scholars in large numbers to the United States has become a familiar spectacle. That they, the bearers of civilizations which they have helped to create and to which they had become habituated, are forced to move on to new regions which are more receptive, itself raises problems which have been inadequately faced.

So far as can be ascertained now, more than six thousand physicians — practitioners, specialists, and medical scientists — have immigrated into the United States as the result of the National Socialist revolution in Germany in 1933, and soon afterwards in Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Italy. One would have supposed that their coming might turn out to be a blessing now that war has come to us and has created a serious shortage among physicians who have been taking care of the civilian public. Unfortunately, adjustments that could have been achieved on general grounds have met with serious obstacles. Mr. Harry D. Biele, Secretary of the National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians, is authority for the statement that probably more than two thousand foreign physicians were still unlicensed in May 1943. This has been unfortunate, not only from certain political angles, but also from a more social point of view. Furthermore, it may be that our policy has been short-sighted when the outlook of the medical profession should have been of a statesman-like stature.

In 1933 American scholarship was flourishing. It had become self-conscious and self-confident. American scholars in many a discipline, formerly regarded as having its peculiar strength abroad, had made signal progress in this country. In the medical sciences especially, the United States had been coming into its own. As

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a result of developments which have taken place since the founding of the Johns Hopkins University Medical School in 1893, the creation of The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1902, and the establishment of the new faculties in the medical schools throughout the country after 1910, a striking difference between the height of attainment here and abroad was no longer to be expected. The United States had become level with development elsewhere, especially in England, Germany, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire. At the same time, when physicians and medical scientists came as transient visitors they met enthusiastic welcome.

But the influx of European physicians has brought about a startling change in the estimate in which continental European education is held. Time was before the National Socialist revolution when to be German or Austrian, or to have been trained in Germany or Austria, was to be regarded as possessing a superior intellectual equipment. Graduate students from the United States flocked to Berlin and Vienna for study. And before the outbreak of the first World War a system of exchange had been inaugurated so that selected students from the Johns Hopkins Medical School, for example, actually were permitted to go to German schools for part of their training and were given credit towards their American degree for this part of their education. Boards of Regents honored themselves by providing licenses to practice to distinguished foreign surgeons, or even waived this requirement.

Now, all this is changed. Germans and Austro-Hungarians who constitute 84 per cent of the immigrants, and who were educated and trained in these self-same schools before 1933, are denied opportunities now which formerly were freely open to them. There has been a sharp change in education in general on the Continent, and a change perhaps for worse in the medical schools. But whatever deterioration may have occurred after 1933 is clearly no ground for discrimination against those physicians and surgeons who were graduated before that date — approximately 73 per cent of the total.

Immigrants and graduates of continental schools soon began

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to encounter difficulties — social, political, professional — in settling themselves in the American environment. At first, when the number of immigrants was small, their problems were minor. The shock of the German revolution created an atmosphere favorable to a hearty welcome. But as the years passed, kindliness gave way to irritation, and later, in some localities, to hostility. One county medical society resolved:

> We feel that the refugee physician should not snuggle down in the warm nest left vacant by our absent members and take the practices that they have vacated, but should see that nothing they could do in the future causes the finger of criticism to be pointed toward them. Again we recommend that they should show some patriotism and appreciation for the favors they have received.

Later the society stated that since aliens could become citizens within three months after joining the forces: "We as a society will do everything we can to further their obtaining appointments." Actually there were ten refugees in the county, four being practicing physicians. All ten had attempted to enter the service, though none had been accepted. One was hoping soon to be inducted as a "buck" private.

An editorial in the *Binghamton Press* (April 25, 1942) dwelt on the anticipated economic difficulties which physicians would encounter upon returning from the war:

> One angle of this call upon doctors to service raises interesting questions. Since the outbreak of war in Europe, many refugee doctors have come to New York State to set up practice. Will these men take over the practice of American doctors, leaving the latter a barren field after the war ends? Will Americans fight the war while immigrants profit and do not have to contribute their share to victory?

But, even though many other such instances may be cited, a welcoming spirit continued to be generally manifest. For men who had formerly been our teachers and for others who bore distinguished reputations, the gates opened readily, the reception was warm, and aid was given generously. For the front of the wave of immigration there was sympathy and understanding. But immigrants kept coming in increasing numbers. Finally their number became so great that native physicians felt themselves pressed by the newcomers.

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Actually the pressure was felt most in the East, in cities like New York and Boston. Before long the states began to defend themselves against the new competition. Hurdles of a variety of sorts were erected. In some states internships were required; in others, citizenship. As time went on citizenship was demanded in more than half the states as prerequisite to taking the examination for the license. Now the examinations have in effect become shut to aliens except in New York and in Massachusetts. But there, also, the sword of Damocles is hanging. At the present time New York and Massachusetts admit to the examinations all alien foreign graduates who have proper credentials. In Illinois all but those who were graduated after July 1, 1936, are admitted to the examinations after serving an internship that is approved in that state. Maryland admits a few such candidates to each examination, preference being given to those whose former work was primarily academic or research. Virginia admits a few selected candidates who have been recommended by the National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians and who sign a pledge to practice in a rural community under the Committee's supervision. Pennsylvania, while theoretically hospitable, excludes most candidates because they are unable to obtain the signature of the Rector of the university from which they graduated for the state's application form.

The result of adopting procedures for self-protection in the rest of the country has had its sharp repercussion in New York and Massachusetts. The New York State Medical Society on April 27, 1942:

> *Resolved*, that this House of Delegates requests that the Council of this Society make a study of the present and possibly the contingent future problem confronting the public and the medical profession, and that the Council formulate a plan taking into consideration the protection of the public, the preservation of the standards of the medical profession, and the safeguarding of the rights and legal interests of the members of that profession with humane consideration of the situation of the emigree noncitizen physician and present the report of such studies and their recommendations for the solution thereof and the means for its accomplishment, both present and future, at the next meeting of this House of Delegates; and further be it

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Resolved, that the Council take such steps in the interim between this and the next meeting of this House of Delegates to properly safeguard the medical interests of the armed forces of the United States, the State of New York, the public health and welfare, and the existing standards of the profession of medicine.

Aside from licenses issued by the separate states, another form of license, valid for the whole country, can be obtained by applying for leave to take examinations to the National Board of Medical Examiners. This Board passed the following resolution at its annual meeting on June 7, 1942:

It was on motion made and seconded, voted that the resolution adopted by the Executive Committee, February 15, 1942, namely, "Beginning February 15, 1942, the National Board of Medical Examiners will not accept applications for admission to its examinations from graduates of any medical schools in Continental Europe or from any graduates of the extramural schools of Scotland and Ireland," be hereby confirmed, with the provision that the National Board of Medical Examiners reserves the right to consider individual cases of applicants who present credentials, the records of which have been *adequately verified*, with further evidence of having *completed acceptable professional service* in this country, and who have complied with the requirements of *full citizenship* in the United States of America. (Italics mine.)

With regard to verifying the credentials, Mr. Biele made these remarks to the Editor of the Providence, R. I., *Evening Bulletin:*

. . . we should like to point out that personal identification is rigorously determined by the State Department through its Consular authorities, the Immigration Services, and the recent Alien Registration Act. We see no reason to suppose that any individual could masquerade as a physician under these conditions and successfully pass an examination in medicine as well. Furthermore, it may be pointed out that professional identification can be confirmed by the credentials themselves in many instances by the United States Consular authorities and in addition by the original officers of the schools. Secondly, physicians who were licensed abroad are listed in professional indices available in this country. . . . Thirdly, they are sponsored (by affidavit) by reputable United States residents who are legally or morally charged with their identification. Finally, we should like to point out that verification of credentials can still be obtained from graduates of previously approved schools in France, Switzerland, and Spain.

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Regarding the obtaining of endorsements of their moral and political character, we should like to emphasize that in many cases it is possible to obtain trustworthy information concerning the character of these candidates from local physicians and hospital directors under whom they have served as internes. The records and experience of this Committee also stand at the disposal of the Board.

In addition, the National Board makes the point that the situation of the applicants cannot be urgent for, of those who have applied only a relatively small number actually go to take the examinations. And of those who do take them, the number of successes is not as great as among American and Canadian students.

In itself the showing is not exactly discouraging. At the same time, however, the facts deserve further analysis. Success ran as high as 78% and not lower than 50%. But, since the object of the examinations is to test candidates, there is good enough ground here for admitting graduates from foreign schools to examination, perhaps with the provisions which the Board stipulates. It is but fair to add the comment that the Board itself realizes that foreign physicians labor under considerable difficulty and urges that unfamiliarity of language plays a rôle and also the length of time that has elapsed since the graduation of the candidates.

The National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians now requires that before candidates take the examination of the National Board of Medical Examiners they (1) complete a year of internship in an American hospital; (2) have taken their first citizen papers; (3) pass an English examination; (4) submit to professional scrutiny by its own advisory committee; and (5) have approval of their credentials by the New York State Board of Medical Examiners.

As matters stand, literally hundreds and probably two to three thousand immigrants capable of earning their living by the practice of medicine are congregated in a few large and congested cities. Some are still awaiting the time of their eligibility for examination. For others the time may have passed when they can rehabilitate themselves to the point of practicing their own

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profession. A number, no doubt, are the victims of our own vacillating policy and lack of consistent forethought.

An objection is raised, nevertheless, to admitting noncitizens to the privilege of medical practice that must be taken into account. Because physicians report communicable diseases, fill in birth and death certificates, certify to the physical and mental state of witnesses in courts of law, certify to freedom from disease on the part of food handlers and of persons intending to marry, they may be regarded as "officers of the Court." And officers of the Court, presumably, are persons who are required to be citizens.

Full citizenship is required by *law* in eleven states, and by *regulations* of their examining boards in seventeen others. Texas alone has tested the constitutionality of the law and has upheld it on the ground that to grant the privilege of practice is "within the legitimate police powers of the State directed to the furtherance and preservation of public health, safety, and morals."

To this view, such counter suggestions as these might be urged:

1. Good medical practice, such as the provision of the Board of Examiners assures, is taught everywhere in those schools which the Boards recognize and before 1933 was, in fact, not very different in one place from another.

2. Immigrants are here, as Mr. Biele points out, only after their records have been thoroughly searched by the Consular officers of the State Department. Even before their coming, their good characters and their loyalty have been administratively established.

3. To insist upon the requirement of citizenship does injury to men and women whose ability it is the responsibility of the examinations to test and whose future we should not jeopardize through depriving them of the opportunity of immediately practicing their chosen means of livelihood.

In order to make his demonstration an immigrant must wait, and the length of time he must wait becomes the crux of his situation. He has little or no money. If he is fortunate, a philanthropic society or friends support him. Having no money, or depending upon others for this kind of help, is irksome, even if it does not lower his morale and in the end break his resolution. Temptations begin to surround him. Through bitterness he some-

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times finds ways to make a livelihood by skirting about outside the strictly moral requirements of the law. By the time he has become a citizen with a right to apply for entrance to the examination for licensure he may no longer be the man he was. We have precipitated him into, and been responsible for, his deterioration.

It is necessary, though, to look at another and a more favorable picture. Many an immigrant has settled in a rural community, sometimes also in an urban one, and has rapidly found himself at home and absorbed in the common life. He has found his place in its social context, his wife has been elected to local clubs, his children *are* American. The melting pot has worked.

The war will take unexpected turns in the case of immigrant physicians. Perhaps mainly because of a lack of prevision, there are not enough physicians to take care of the needs of both urban and rural populations. The armed forces and special services are understaffed. Reinterpretation in the operation of the laws which govern these services is being attempted so that it may become possible in such posts to accept noncitizens who can become responsible public servants. The depletion of professional staffs in civilian private and governmental hospitals is, in fact, making it possible to employ older men to fill many important and useful positions.

The District of Columbia has made a provision in a bill introduced by Representative Randolph of West Virginia which proposes to amend the healing art practice act to authorize the issuance of temporary permits to practice the healing art in the District of Columbia, such permits to terminate automatically and become null and void six months after the end of the present war. Each applicant for a temporary permit will be required to submit satisfactory proof to the commission on licensure that he is over 21 years of age, of good moral character, and "has had sufficient professional training and experience to warrant the issuance of said permit." An applicant for such a temporary permit will apparently not be required to possess the qualifications demanded of applicants who apply for permanent licenses.

This is the general situation. A complete picture clearly can-

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not be drawn without possession of the many facts and aspects of a complex problem.

The National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians, a self-constituted group of far-seeing and patriotic physicians, has been keenly aware of the problems of the immigrants, as well as the difficulties which have been thrust both on the lay and the medical communities. They have charged themselves with the responsibility of coming to the aid of their foreign colleagues. The Committee has been sensitive to the problems of unfair competition, and has had in mind the need for more physicians in rural communities and elsewhere. Efforts have continuously been made to estimate the value of incoming physicians and to provide refresher courses, with emphasis upon American customs.

The Board of Procurement and Assignment Service has pointed out that the Army and Navy cannot accept physicians as commissioned officers who are not citizens. Foreign physicians may, however, accept civilian posts in emergency or in civilian institutions for the duration of the war. Suggestions toward their employment appeared in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (October 31, 1942):

> The Army and the Navy are not in a position to accept enemy alien physicians as commissioned officers because of the citizenship law. Also many of these physicians do not meet other requirements such as license to practice, internship or other professional qualifications. It therefore seems inadvisable to recommend that these aliens go into the Army as privates with the expectation of receiving citizenship at the end of three months, for many may not receive it for some reason, and they may not be acceptable to the Medical Corps even though they are given citizenship. Since there are many places in which these men can be of service in civilian life, it is recommended that efforts be made to place those who are not acceptable for service with the Army or the Navy as temporary employees in hospital positions, in critical areas where more physicians are needed, in special positions in medical schools, and in public health agencies and so on. In such positions they may be rated as essential and may thus be used in their professional capacity. Until definite rulings are made concerning the admission of this group into the military services, these general policies should be followed.

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Not only has the National Committee attempted to soften the impact of the regulations upon new arrivals but they have set themselves to influence the conditions of their reception throughout the country. In over 1,500 cases, positions have been found for men in laboratories and in hospitals as internes or residents. About two hundred men of conspicuous ability are now carrying on important research or are active as teachers. Other men are scattered throughout the small towns of the states where immigrants are still welcome. The doors of government departments have been opened to admit a few whose services were needed.

Upheavals like the German revolution, resulting in migrations on so large a scale and in the dislocation in American life, cannot be expected to take place without straining the machinery which must necessarily be employed in effecting the translation of immigrants to absorption in the existing social amalgam. The case of physicians has been especially disturbing because of the very nature of their calling. Many have been cared for, but that should not blind us to the problems which must be understood before they can be solved. The hope is that we are gradually being prepared to take a more enlightened position toward the inhumanities the war has occasioned.

PHYSICIANS ADMITTED TO THE UNITED STATES

Statistics of Immigration [1]			Nationality of Medical Schools [2]		Distribution by Age [3]	
Year	*Total*	*Jews*	*Country*	*Per cent*	*Age*	*Per cent*
1933	187	41	Germany	44	over 65	1.5
1934	353	163	Austria	35	60–64	4.0
1935	304	137	Czechoslovakia	5	55–59	5.5
1936	402	273	Italy	5	50–54	10.0
1937	533	310	Switzerland	4	45–49	18.0
1938	738	475	Hungary	2	40–44	25.0
1939	1,384	1,126	France	2	35–39	9.0
1940	1,095	832	others	3	30–34	18.0
	5,056	3,357			25–29	9.0
1941	500					
	5,556					

[1] Department of Labor Statistics.
[2] Estimate made by National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians.
[3] Based on analyses of 2,100 registered with National Committee for Resettlement of Foreign Physicians.

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Buddhist Devotion

Mary Evelyn Clarke

THE train meanders at the leisurely pace of the East over a flat country of paddy-field and jungle, passing here and there a town or village of bamboo houses, its gilded pagoda towering above their squat roofs. At the sight of each pinnacle gleaming in the tropical sunlight the pretty young woman in my railway carriage folds her hands in a gesture of devotion and murmurs the triple invocation to the Buddha: "Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint, the All-enlightened One." And when, at the approach to Pegu, the once Holy City of Lower Burma, a great column of seated Buddhas, facing the four quarters, comes into view on the hillside, she prostrates herself before it, her pink saree sweeping the dusty floor, and her husband kneels with her to repeat the invocation, to which they add the Threefold Refuge:

To the Buddha for refuge I go;
To the Law for refuge I go;
To the Brotherhood for refuge I go.

The great Shwe Dagōn Pagoda at Rangoon is illuminated for the autumn Festival of Lights. The floor of the open platform surrounding its gigantic solid pinnacle glitters with a myriad tiny Aladdin's lamps forming the pattern of some familiar text but making the floor slippery for feet unaccustomed to going unshod. The glow from their wicks casts a golden radiance over the neighboring shrines till suddenly the great disc of the moon soars above the palm trees in the east and hangs over the platform like a lamp from the vault of heaven, which is the temple's only roof, eclipsing them with its pure white light. Groups of people are seated in meditation on the ground before the various altars. From one of

This article deals exclusively with the so-called *Hinayana* Buddhism which is the prevailing cult in Burma, Thailand, and Ceylon. The beliefs and forms of worship of the *Mahayana* Buddhism of China, Japan, and Thibet are so different that only the broadest generalizations made here would apply without qualification to them.

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these a young woman rises and draws nearer to the Buddha image, kneeling with her forehead pressed against the base of the pedestal, oblivious of all around her in her adoration of her Lord.

Before the great reclining image in the lovely modern temple at Kelani in Ceylon two tiny children are receiving from their father their first lesson in reverencing the Buddha. Dressed for the solemn occasion in clean white muslin frocks, they kneel, bowing a trifle unsteadily, their little hands raised to their foreheads with joined palms, quite unconscious of the curious glances of an outsider fascinated by the pretty sight.

"Give me the first five years of a young child's life and I care not who has him afterward." Assuredly these little ones are safe in the great Lord Buddha's keeping, for one at least of their many lives on earth.

It is full moon day, the most important of the *poya days* or sabbaths observed at its four quarters, when every devout Buddhist brings his offering to the temple. Early in the morning a troop of Cingalese schoolgirls walk in procession to a white temple in a palm grove, remote from the clatter of the streets. The leader of each class bears a tray containing the floral offerings always brought by Buddhists to their shrines: white areca blossom, jasmin, pink or blue lotus, scarlet hibiscus, and the large golden flowers which the Cingalese call *rukatthana*, or simply "temple flowers" from their general use in these ceremonies. At the gate the Principal, a graceful Englishwoman wearing a white saree, advances to the head of the line and kneels before the little white-washed pagoda (known in Ceylon as *dagaba*) to pour out the first offering before it. Teachers and children follow, repeating as they do so the *Gloria* and Threefold Refuge and the layman's five vows: —

From killing to abstain the vow I take;
From stealing to abstain the vow I take;
From acts of lust to abstain the vow I take;
From lying to abstain the vow I take;
From the use of intoxicants and narcotics
to abstain the vow I take.

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I follow in the wake of the procession as it passes to the image-hall where the great stone Buddha sits cross-legged in meditation with downcast eyes and fixed contemplative smile. Each child carries some flowers between her cupped palms to lay them on the low altar at his feet, keeping back one or two blossoms, however, for the third offering to be made at the *bo-tree*, the sacred peepul which all Buddhists venerate as the tree under which 2,500 years ago their Master attained enlightenment. The ritual is thus individual; there is no "congregational worship." Yet the whole ceremonial is permeated by a sense of fellowship with all living creatures, for he who goes to the temple is enjoined to put away ill-will or his offering is made unworthily.

The ceremony concluded, the children assemble in the adjacent preaching-hall, seating themselves on mats on the floor to listen to a short address by a monk appointed for the occasion. Though ignorant of the language, I glean from ripples of laughter that it is not in too heavy a vein, and surmise that it is woven round one of those tales with a moral beloved of all Cingalese, whose earliest instruction is from the innumerable legends of the lives the Buddha traversed as animal and man on his pathway to perfection.

One group of children with two or three teachers had come earlier to the temple and remain after the others have left, for they are "taking *Attasil*." [1] The word, which means literally "eightfold morality," implies taking for one day of twenty-four hours from sunrise to sunrise not only the five vows of everyday life but an additional three normally demanded only of a *bhikkhu*, or ordained member of the Order. In so doing they are obeying the Buddha's own precept and will gain thereby peace in the present and great fruits for the future, both in this life and in the lives to come.

These devotees for a day have arisen and bathed just at dawn, donning freshly laundered white clothes with no trimmings or jewelry. Arrived at the temple, they prostrate themselves before

[1] I am indebted for some of the details of *Attasil* and *Pirith*, which I had naturally no opportunity of observing, to the essays included in F. L. Woodward's *Pictures of Buddhist Ceylon* (Madras, 1914), and to some passages in Mr. S. Vijaratunga's *Grass for My Feet* (London, 1935).

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the *dagaba* to take the vows, administered by a monk standing against it with outstretched arms. They repeat after him the Pali verses, first the invocation and the layman's five vows, then the additional three: — to abstain from food at unseasonable hours (which means in practice after midday); not to participate in dancing, singing, music, or other worldly shows nor to use perfumes nor any bodily adornments; not to lie on high or broad couches but on the ascetic's bed, a reed mat upon the floor. After making their offering of flowers, or of candles or incense which they burn before the images, they assemble in the preaching-hall where a simple breakfast of coffee with bananas and cakes is served to them by lay attendants who owe them for this one day all the veneration due the Order. The rest of the day and frequently the night that follows are spent here in meditation or reading or in chanting metrical portions of scripture, with long intervals of *Bana*, or preaching, usually on traditional subjects, though this strenuous observance is of course tempered to those of tender years. Save for a further offering of flowers at sunset, most of the older devotees do not leave their places till dawn begins to illumine the eastern sky, when they rise to make their final oblations, and to receive the monk's closing benediction, to which they respond this time by the recitation of only the fivefold rule, thus "lowering the lodge" to the level of life in the world. As they disperse they give each other the closing salute: "Brother, may you share in the merit I have acquired by taking *Sīla*, by offering flowers, by hearing the Law, by meditation and perseverance!" "Brother, I thank you and accept."

A group of yellow-robed monks enters the garden gate and walks in solemn procession to the house, their brilliant habits contrasting vividly with the background of lawn and trees. Each brother carries a black umbrella to protect his shaven head from the tropical sun. There is a pause at the door that the feet of the *bhikkhus* may be washed and wiped, after which they seat themselves on mats, spread against the walls of a large room, to await their audience. For there has been a death in the household, and the members of the Cingalese family unto the third and fourth

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generation are gathered in the homestead "to hear *Pirith*." Entering together they reverence the Brotherhood with the five-fold prostration of head and folded hands, body, knees, and feet, and remain kneeling to take the customary vows before taking their places in the space left vacant in the center. The ceremony consists in the recitation of selected portions of the sacred books which the monks chant antiphonally, one taking up the refrain as another tires. The oriental, better trained than the man of the West in physical and mental control, exhibits a correspondingly greater endurance in the maintenance of his religious exercises, and the rite may continue for twelve or eighteen hours. For this a large concourse of monks is required, as the chanting must be sustained without a pause. The language used in all Buddhist ceremonies is the original Pali, a tongue with which most of the listeners are probably unacquainted. But the tones and many of the-oft repeated phrases are familiar, and the rhythmical sound of the stanzas creates a remarkable impression on the listeners, who are not after all here to receive edification but to participate in a solemn ceremonial which shall dispel evil influences from the path of him who has just completed the present span of existence and is setting off on another of the long series that must be traversed before he attains release from the round of births with their attendant sorrows.

The recitation ended, a meal already deposited in their begging-bowls is dispensed to the monks, and those assembled make them a presentation in recognition of their services. This may consist both of money for the support of the monastery and of food, robes, begging-bowls, and other requisites of the cloistered life. The manner in which these gifts are received and thanks returned for them is characteristic. The assembled monks chant in unison the stanzas of the Pali scriptures enjoining the duty of almsgiving. For it is the part of the layman to furnish the Brotherhood both with their daily fare, dispensed to them by the housewives as they pass on their begging rounds each morning, and with all else required for their maintenance. For they are man's Third Refuge, and as such share the veneration accorded to the Buddha and the Law. But they on their side have no obligations to the laity and

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any services they may render them are purely gratuitous. The Order has no priestly functions, for, like the Quaker of the West, every Buddhist is "his own priest." Their task is simply to work out their own salvation by mental culture and discipline, though, as Elder Brethren in "the treading of the Path" and specially versed in the Law, they stand before men as an example of "the way of knowledge" and the contemplative life, and they are always ready to give their services in administering the temple rites, in preaching *Bana*, reciting *Pirith*, above all in instructing the younger members who are destined to succeed them and carry on the "apostolic succession" of the Order.

The streets of Kandy are filled with a white-clad crowd flowing continuously in and out of its principal shrine, the famous *Dalada Maligava*, or Temple of the Tooth. For it is Vesak, the principal festival of the Buddhist year, held at the May full moon in remembrance not only of the birth of Gautama, but of his renunciation of the world, his enlightenment, and his entry into Nirvana; and men and women have come from far and near to offer him their homage at this Mecca of Buddhist Ceylon which contains, they believe, a genuine relic of his person. Even on an ordinary day of the week the procession of pilgrims may take two hours to enter and pass through the shrine, but the throng of worshippers do not seem discouraged by the interminable wait in the temple court. The ceremonial march of the tom-tom beaters with their gaily colored head-dresses, jackets, and sarongs is at first a pleasant diversion, but the loud almost barbaric music, intended doubtless to excite a feeling of awe, becomes wearisome from repetition, and the heat in the midst of the crowd is almost intolerable. At last the great brass doors swing open and we are admitted to the Holy of Holies. Before entering the shrine, the friend I am accompanying holds out her tray of flowers that each of her children, down to the baby in its *ayah's* arms, may touch it and so participate in the gift. After pouring them out upon the altar, she kneels with her family around her and they murmur together the invocation and Threefold Refuge. Mothers who have brought their infants to the temple for the first time set them on

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the ground within the sanctuary in token of their inclusion henceforth in the household of the faithful.

The Tooth itself lies enshrined in the innermost of seven golden caskets and is exhibited only at the great *Perahera*, a seven days' procession held yearly in its honor. It is possible, however, that its hidden presence is more effective in evoking a sentiment of reverence than its actual appearance would be, for the original tooth is known to have been burned in the sixteenth century by the Catholic Archbishop of Goa who denounced it as a heathen symbol. This may well have been a genuine relic, for Gautama's remains were carefully preserved, and the story of its transportation to Ceylon hidden in the hair of an Indian princess, though romantic, is not necessarily untrue. But only the faith of those who believe in the indestructibility of Buddha relics will be easily convinced of the sacred character of the substitute now conserved here, which is clearly too large to be a product of *homo sapiens*. The point is, however, of small importance, for the devotion is not to the symbol but to the object symbolized, and the strength of the sentiment that draws this constant stream of pilgrims cannot be questioned, even if one admits the inevitable tinge of self-seeking implied in the reflection that the merit thus acquired will secure them a better birth in the next of the chain of existences.

II

"Are you a Christian, Miss C.—?" asked one of my Cingalese friends as we left a temple service to which I had accompanied her.

I was startled by the question, though it had, I realized, a new significance in a land where Christianity is an alien cult whose introduction may well be resented by those whose historical and religious traditions are dear to them. Yet it was out of tune with my mood, for I had been reflecting not on the diversity of *religions* but on the identity of *religion* beneath its varied forms. It is true that a first acquaintance with the rituals and beliefs of diverse cults creates an opposite impression, for the experience that their devotees share cannot be expressed in any formula or creed, since

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it is not of the intellect. It is simply a devotion — distinct from all other emotions — to an object not necessarily supernatural yet belonging, like the moral stature of a Buddha or a Christ, to a different dimension from the ordinary level of human achievement.

It will be objected that *feelings* are the most subjective, and thus individual, phases of experience. They cannot even be communicated, for language expresses only what is general. How then can we know them to be experienced in common? Only, one might reply, by dividing them from their modes of expression. The Burman girl prostrate before the Buddha image and the Bavarian peasant clasping the feet of the crucifix are sisters under the skin. The bringing of the infant Jesus to the Temple, and the imitation of this in the traditional Christian practice, has its counterpart in other cults. And all the higher religions encourage an occasional withdrawal from temporal concerns for meditation on the values believed to be eternal.

It would be misleading, however, to exaggerate the community of religious sentiment. The differences in the objects that excite it and the beliefs with which it is associated necessarily create diversities in the feeling itself. The devotee of one religion cultivates contemplation, the worshipper of another strives for communion. The Jehovah of Israel excites awe, where the Risen Christ inspires love. And men's ideal for humanity itself varies. One is more irresistibly drawn to the prince of a royal house renouncing his father's kingdom and leaving home and family in the lonely search for a solution of the problem of suffering through moral discipline and intellectual struggle; another feels a stronger appeal in the carpenter's son setting aside the formal wisdom of the scribe for a new commandment that men love one another and forgive their enemies unto seventy times seven, and dying in defense of an ideal that the men of an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" morality cannot entertain. And, since no human life can exhibit all the facets of the ideal, there may be others who find it incarnate in another moral hero: a Socrates or a Lao-Tze. It is unlikely that most Buddhists envisage Maitreya, the Buddha of the future, as a mere replica of his predecessor, destined to re-

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peat an identical doctrine. Doubtless he is to present new aspects of moral experience which for earlier generations would have been premature.

"What, then, is the peculiar characteristic of Buddhist devotion?" I asked myself as I wandered from the Shwe Dagōn to the pagodas of Mandalay Hill, and through the once buried cities of ancient Ceylon to the modern shrine of the Tooth Relic. I put the question to my hostess during one of my visits to the Buddhist school. "What," I asked her, "is the feeling that prompts the devout to offer their homage to a leader who completed many hundred years ago the last of his lives on earth and has passed to a Nirvana where he is neither accessible to their prayers nor aware of the offerings they bring him?" "Gratitude," she replied, "and devotion to a Master who has left them an example so lofty that its memory cannot perish but remains as a vivid presence and an enduring value though he has passed forever away."

It was the answer for which I had hoped. For it suggested a solution of a problem that must have troubled many a would-be Christian. Is not a heartfelt reverence for a historical founder many centuries dead a sufficient source of religious devotion without the acceptance of metaphysical doctrines concerning his person at which the intellect balks and which set a gulf between Master and disciples so wide that all attempts to imitate his example must appear presumptuous? Sufficient, that is, for that one aspect of religion; for Buddhism is not, of course, exhausted in the adoration of the Buddha, though I was constantly impressed by the part played by this purely disinterested devotion which neither sought nor expected a response from the Unseen. The Buddhist, however, rests his assurance in the Threefold Refuge. The Teacher is not divorced from his teaching, whose content is the crucial test of any religion. Gautama parted from his disciples with the words: "Brethren, I leave you the *Dharma*. In it I shall live with you forever." And that this should not fail of witnesses as age succeeded age, he ordained a band of disciples who should dedicate their lives to meditation on its meaning and the instruction of others in its truths. Than these there is no other, no divine refuge. Gautama consistently discouraged resort to supernatural

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aid. Whether or no a Supreme Being exists is, he held, one of those unanswerable questions the raising of which "tends not to edification." Men have the *Buddha*, the *Dharma*, and the *Sangha* — the three facets of the Triple Gem — as sources of illumination. For the rest, they should be "lamps unto themselves."

In temple worship reverence is paid to the Buddha before his image, usually a more than life-sized figure seated crosslegged in the attitude of meditation in which he received enlightenment or reclining in the posture in which he entered Nirvana, with Ānanda, his beloved disciple, standing at his feet. The symbol of the Law is the lofty white *dagaba*, hence its central position in every temple court and its place in the ritual, whilst the yellow-robed monk himself represents man's Third Refuge and receives both at the temple and elsewhere the reverence due to his office, it matters not how unworthy he as an individual representative of it may be.

Only very slowly, however, does the human being outgrow the need for a response to his petitions for aid from a higher power. And genuine as is their devotion to the person of the Buddha, his followers are clearly aware that he is beyond the range of their supplications; hence many turn almost surreptitiously elsewhere in search of a present aid in practical difficulties. This is the function ascribed to the Hindu gods, who have never been wholly banished from the Buddha's religion though the place accorded them is a subordinate one. In Burma they are worshipped as the most powerful of the vast company of *Nats*, or nature spirits, whose propitiation is one of the chief concerns of the common people; and most Cingalese temples include images of Vishnu and frequently of other divinities, sometimes enclosed in a separate shrine having a priest of its own. It is to them that the women of the East make their prayers for offspring; for, as they explain to those who seek to dissuade them from this superstition, "sometimes it works!" One is reminded of the rôle allowed by the Church to the saints who were similarly survivals of a pagan polytheism, however cleverly disguised in Christian dress. For in Buddhism the gods, though superior to mankind in power and enjoying a bliss unknown to the denizens of earth, are declared to

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be subject to the law of causation and thus to generation and decay, from which they like ourselves must attain liberation.

In such matters, Buddhism is an infinitely tolerant religion. Its record is unstained by persecutions or religious wars; indeed it is difficult, my friend told me, to explain such events in teaching European history to the children of the East. "But surely," they exclaim, "they were all Christians!" That religion should be a source of internal discord is to them unintelligible. For the Buddhist *Dharma* is neither a body of dogma to be accepted on faith nor a system of metaphysics based on assumptions concerning the origin and end of things, and is not, therefore, a source of the disputations to which such doctrinal questions give rise. It is simply a way of life that claims to afford a solution of the basic problems of human existence and thereby to reveal a moral law which is founded on certain principles of psychology alone.

Buddhism is the religion of quiet, and to it all aggression is foreign. It enjoins non-resistance to the trend of things, which brings us only the destiny we have created for ourselves by our actions in past lives. The suffering herein involved will only be increased, not diminished, by "kicking against the pricks." All existing things are in their essence impermanent. Hence, as a western philosopher inspired by Buddhism has pointed out, no desire is ever lastingly fulfilled, and those which are momentarily satisfied do but give rise to new cravings. That flowers, the most perishable of earth's treasures, are chosen as the offering to be made at the shrines is symbolic. The blossoms, brought freshly gathered and tastefully displayed to be poured at the Buddha's feet, are at once swept aside, fading almost as they pass, to make way for others, therein reminding the worshipper of the transitoriness of the objects on which he sets his affections. The source of all pain is clinging. He that is willing to let go when the call comes, even of that which he cherishes most, attains peace and a tranquil happiness. To the Buddhist this is not only wisdom, it is duty. Meditation on the evanescence of existing things is a religious exercise the fruit of which is renunciation. The only valuable striving is the striving for self-mastery, for the complete control of passions and desires. To this a right understanding of

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these truths of human nature is the means and ignorance of them therefore culpable. The end is the fortitude and serenity of the sage who, having penetrated the secret of suffering, has found the path to release which ends in Nirvana.

But, it will be asked, is not this oriental gospel of resignation too passive, too negative an ideal to win acceptance from the more active, forward-looking peoples of the West? Is it not exhibiting itself as inadequate even to the needs of those eastern races who, like the Japanese, give evidence of practical gifts and ambitions? Surely such peoples require a more positive message. It may be so. Yet as I survey the fruits now spread before us of a civilization concerned more with active achievement than with meditation, more with realizing its ends than with disciplining its desires, there linger in my ears refrains from the "way of salvation" preached by the greatest of the teachers of the East who, though making no claims to a divine revelation, has given his followers glimpses of things holy and sublime. "This, monks, is the truth concerning the origin of suffering. Verily it originates in that craving thirst which . . . is accompanied by sensual delight and seeks satisfaction now here now there." "And this, O monks, is the truth concerning the destruction of suffering. Verily it is the destruction, in which no craving remains over, of this very thirst."

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Fine Arts and the War

Jere Abbott

THE war has not been a deterrent factor for the arts. It is true that most of the museums on the east coast and some on the west coast have evacuated their most important objects to safer places in the interior of the country, but it is interesting to note that the same phenomenon which has occurred in England is now manifesting itself here. I refer to the rapid rise in attendance at many museums in this country, notwithstanding the fact that the museums are depleted to a considerable extent. In England the National Gallery is now bringing back from its cache one important painting a month, and hanging it in the gallery. Even this minor incentive has caused unusual crowds to jam the all but completely empty gallery. It is quite possible that in this country museums may follow this same policy and a little later cautiously bring back from time to time something of extreme value and exhibit it in a like manner. But here the breach has been filled in by loan exhibitions. America has always in this decade been a country in which the loan of works of art for exhibition purposes has been unique. It is interesting to note that in these times there has been practically no diminishing of the hundreds of exhibitions throughout the country which have been possible through the continued generosity of private collectors and museums.

In line with the "Good Neighbor" policy there has been a steady rise in the interest in the arts south of us, and there have been important exhibitions of both the painting and the architecture of Central and South America. In a small way even here at Smith College, we have commissioned a large fresco by the Mexican artist, Rufino Tamayo, and the Museum of Modern Art has done a great deal through its exhibitions to acquaint us with the art and architecture of the Latin-American countries.

The National Gallery in Washington has proved to be an important magnet and it was no surprise that the most important private collection in America, the Widener Collection, should go to that gallery. Its field has been further widened through the loan to it of a large part of the Chester Dale Collection, which is undoubtedly one of the greatest private collections of nineteenth and twentieth century French art. The Gallatin Collection of modern art has been given to the Philadelphia Museum. This collection, which was one of the first in this coun-

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try to represent modern art and which was formerly housed in New York University, had a profound influence during those "early days" when modern art was little shown publicly by our museums. Along with the Armory Show it is a landmark of American awareness to the art of the period. The absorption of the Whitney Museum by the Metropolitan removes a vital force in the furtherance of American art. The collection and the museum were unique.

Thus it has been a surprisingly full year for a country so concerned with the war. But the reaction of the public has given every indication that even in trying times it holds tenaciously to the humanities. Those of us who feel the importance of these things can take considerable courage in the fact that with the concentration on science and mechanics which every war fosters, somehow or other man finds time for the refreshment that fine arts can bring him.

Forestry and the War

Ovid Butler

TREMENDOUS quantities of wood from the forests of the United States are going into the war effort. Take, for example, the item of wooden containers. It is estimated that this year alone some ten or twelve billion feet of wood will be required to box and ship our war materials. This represents an amount of lumber equivalent to that normally required to build seven hundred thousand American homes. In a thousand and one other forms the war is calling for wood, and the total requirement for 1943 will approach thirty-five billion feet.

If large amounts of wood are going into the war effort, large developments in the chemical and technological utilization of wood are coming out of that same effort. The full story of these developments cannot now be told because many of them are shrouded in military secrecy. They range all the way from chemical and paper products to great laminated timbers that are taking the place of steel girders.

Some of these developments are opening the way to new uses for wood; others are extending present uses. Some are in full scale production; others are still in the laboratory stage. It is possible in a brief statement to mention only a few of the more significant advances concerning which one may write.

One of great war and postwar import stems from the development of improved glues and gluing technique in the making of plywood and other forms of built-up lumber and lumber products. Resin glues of great strength and high resistance to moisture, heat, and decay, together with advances in binding technique are revolutionizing the use of wood and opening to it a field that seems unlimited both for

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inside and outside use. These uses range all the way from small household articles to great plywood-covered cargo planes and passenger buses. Plywood today is everywhere in the war effort. You can see it not only in training planes here at home but in ready-made soldier huts behind the fighting lines in North Africa.

Another great advance in the structural use of wood has resulted from a little device known as the steel ring timber connector, which when used in joining timbers disburses the stresses and makes possible great wooden structures. Adaptation of this development is to be seen in many war factories, assembly plants, hangars, and towering bridges. For example, there is now in course of completion "somewhere in the continental United States" a gigantic war structure whose timber arches rise 153 feet into the air and span an unobstructed area 237 feet wide and 1,000 feet long. The use of these little timber connectors in the war effort is credited with having saved 400,000 tons of steel last year by virtue of the fact that they made the use of wood possible where steel was formerly thought necessary.

From the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, there has come within the last few years a product called compregnated wood which is said to have the tensile strength of mild steel. It is simply made by laying boards or pieces of wood on one another and compressing them under heat into a dense solid mass that resembles plastic. This development, together with other advances in gluing and laminating wood, makes possible the utilization of small timbers and even some forms of wood waste for structural and utilitarian processes.

Turning to the field of paper or wood pulp, advances are no less impressive. Under the pressure of war needs, paper maps have been developed that can be read in the dark, that will stand up in the rain, that can be washed clean when soiled by dirt and blood. Likewise paper plastics of high strength and lightness are being developed. The tensile strength of some of the new paper plastics, pound for pound, is said to be equal to that of aluminum.

Another field in which wood pulp has made an astounding advance is in shipping containers, notably the new "V-Box." As everyone knows, paper boxes or containers are widely used. The exposure and rough handling which they necessarily receive in war shipments called for concentrated research to develop paper containers of great strength and impervious to water. The resulting V-Box, even after prolonged immersion in a turbulent surf, has a mullen test of 500 pounds and can stand up under twelve drops to a concrete floor.

These and other developments too numerous to mention are making it possible for raw wood and wood pulp to save great quantities of metal and other essential materials. This is true both in a military and civilian way. In one little item alone — that of tobacco and cigarette containers — paper is saving 40,000 tons of metal.

Special interest right now is being shown in the economic possibilities of

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making alcohol from wood and from waste sulphite liquor, a by-product of sulphite pulp. The possibility has long been known, but for one reason or another a process has never been successfully adapted to U. S. economy. A plant is now being built in Canada for the utilization of waste sulphite liquor. If this development proves successful, there is a potential industry in the sulphite liquor now going to waste at our paper plants estimated at 35 million gallons of alcohol a year.

Developments of the type mentioned could be multiplied several times. The real test of their permanent adaptation to our peacetime ways of life and their effect upon our forest economy will come when they meet the competition of other materials in the reconstruction period that will follow the war.

Agriculture and the War

Henry C. Taylor

IN the First World War, wheat and cotton occupied the center of the stage of American agriculture. In the present war these great staples have had to step aside — not so much, however, as they would if the farm program had relaxed its efforts to maintain prices of these products in spite of vast surpluses. The war has shifted the center of interest in American agriculture from cotton, wheat, and corn to cows, hogs, and soy beans. Both wheat and cotton, however, are being grown under government price stimulus in some areas on land part of which could be used in other ways to better advantage in winning the war.

Total agricultural production goals for the year 1943 are nearly 5 per cent higher than actual production in 1942, which was the greatest in history. In 1942 more than 12 per cent of the food produced in this country for human consumption went into military and lend-lease uses. In 1943 these requirements will probably be one-fourth of the nation's total production of food.

The difference in the demands on agriculture in this war and the war of 1914–18 is due in part to the fact that in the present war a smaller part of Europe is to be fed by the Allies and to the fact that the Continental supply of bacon, butter, cheese, and eggs has been cut off from Great Britain. Food supplies in the United Kingdom fell to their lowest point during the winter of 1940–41, after the successive German occupation of Denmark, Norway, the Netherlands, Belgium, and much of France.

Furthermore, the supply of tropical fats and oils has been cut off from the United States as well as from Great Britain. These changed conditions have brought the pork, dairy, and poultry industries into the foreground and have called for the use of wheat as a feed grain. The increased demand for and the reduced supply of oil-cake, due to the stoppage of the supply of oil bearing products from the tropics

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and the Argentine, has increased the prices of dairy feeds to the point where dairymen are finding it necessary to produce for themselves more of the protein feeds they have formerly found it advantageous to buy. This shift in the crops on dairy farms reduces acreage of peas, sweet corn, and tomatoes for the canneries.

In the corn belt the new emphasis on hog production is surpassed only by the emphasis on the soy bean. The soy bean comes in to fill a number of gaps. The oil is substituted for certain of the tropical fats and oils. In some measure it supplements our domestic supply of linseed oil in the paint industry. A soy bean product is being used by bakers and candy makers to supplement milk. Only a part of the oil-cake produced by the soy bean oil industry is available as dairy feed. An increasing amount is made into meal and finds its way into the food supply.

The soy bean may provide a special problem after the war when tropical fats and oils return to our markets. We have learned to produce soy beans by modern low cost methods. Soy beans will not be easy to crowd out, and they may become a serious competitor of the cow in the production of both fats and proteins. In the Orient the soy bean has provided the fat and the protein for dense populations.

When the war is over, surplus soy bean oil may be turned over to the paint industry, but this would spoil Argentina's great market for flaxseed in the United States. We may make rubber from surplus cereals, but this will reduce Great Britain's means of paying for cotton and wheat with British rubber from southeastern Asia. We may produce artificial silk from materials coming from our forests or from our mines, but this will cut off Japan's means of paying for raw cotton, and in the years 1930–1939 Japan was the largest buyer of cotton in the world.

Another aspect of agriculture that has been influenced by the war is the relation of politics and prices. The war has brought into the open the conflict between the leaders of organized agriculture and the leaders of organized labor. The running start which labor got in advancing wages following the beginning of the war in Europe led agriculture to an intense effort to catch up. The feeling on the part of farmers that the Administration wanted to peg agricultural prices at parity with industrial wages far above parity gave backing for the "farm bloc" in Congress to strive for extreme measures — more extreme than the farm leaders of Illinois and Iowa would support. In this struggle of agriculture and labor for relative advantage both parties have overlooked the fact that if each in turn succeeds, both will fail of their real purpose. Inflation will rob them of their gains.

The great need at this time is constructive statesmanship on the part of the leaders of agriculture and labor. These two great groups should stand together for wise national and international policies which in the long run will be in the interest of all the people. In the meantime Congress and the Administration have the task of resisting the pressure of both agriculture and labor.

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OUR READERS COMMENT

On "Socialism *versus* European Democracy" and "Liberal Socialism Proposed for Germany"

To the Editor: It is interesting to see that Ludwig von Mises has turned from his economics to politics in his old campaign against socialism. Every reader of his article in your Spring issue should understand that Mr. von Mises regards every departure from a type of laissez faire economics, never achieved on this earth, as socialism. Democracy to him is only possible under private capitalism. If that is so, democracy is doomed, because private capitalism has run its course everywhere in the world. Its contribution to society is done for. Everywhere, especially after the war, we shall at least have a very high degree of what might be called state capitalism. If democracy must be identified with a scarcity economy, a system which fails to use our marvelous technology for the conquest of poverty, then farewell democracy.

This consideration makes Mr. von Mises' historical disquisition almost irrelevant. It is, at any rate, very misleading. It contains truth, but by no means all the truth. Its selective use of facts would require a small book to answer. Observe, for instance, its utter failure to mention the comparative success of democratic socialism in the Scandinavian countries and in New Zealand, or in the municipal administration of Vienna before Dolfuss made his shameful attack upon it. But the important fact is that the conditions which von Mises regards as necessary for democracy will not exist, even in America, after this war. There is, however, a democracy which is consistent with cooperation, social planning, and social ownership of natural resources and monopolies and semi-monopolies. It is the only kind of democracy that can win.

I read Mr. Lackner's article with more sympathy. I am, however, exceedingly skeptical that, as things are now going, either Stalin on the one hand, or Roosevelt and Churchill on the other, will encourage a liberal socialism in Germany. The best that can be hoped is that they may tolerate it and not overthrow it if it emerges among the German people. I fear that a true democratic socialism in Europe will be crushed between a kind of Anglo-American imperialist overlordship of the Continent and the growth of Stalinist communism.

It is certainly difficult to believe that England and America will give to Germany what they do not have themselves. Moreover, I am skeptical about the whole business of "doing other people good." American slang supplies a second meaning for that phrase which is likely to become its unhappy meaning if we indulge in our effort to reform another nation by policing it. It might be wholesome for us to reflect on the history of carpetbaggers in the South after our own Civil War. Not all those carpetbaggers were men of ill will or bad intentions.

The best I can hope for Germany or for Europe is a chance to develop within some such framework, as, let us say, the Culbertson Plan would afford, should that be adopted. Here, at the very least, your police force would, from the beginning, be organized on an international and inclusive basis, on a quota system which would protect various nations against cabals against them. Under some such plan, liberal socialism, or, as I should prefer to call it, democratic socialism, might have a chance in a good many areas in Europe, including Germany.

NORMAN THOMAS
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor: Stephan Lackner will have to be a bit more specific if he is to make any contribution of value to the solution of the German afterwar problem. Handing the Germans a new name and saying to them, "Go to, now, and henceforth be good Liberal Socialists," is a rather futile gesture.

Dr. von Mises is a little more helpful in his historical survey, but he too suggests no practical method of arriving at a decent organization of the German state. Of course we won't want Germany to go communist. I doubt whether there is real danger of that. But on the other hand, there's no reason why we should expect Germany, or for that matter France and Italy, to make further feeble efforts at imitating our peculiar brand of parliamentary government, of which we ourselves are not making too good a job, with all our traditions and our long experience.

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When I travelled through the German lands in 1920 for the Red Cross, I talked with many of the "intelligentsia" and found little enthusiasm for the Weimar Republic. These Germans thought a republic was sure to be feeble in organization and uneconomical in practice, and their idea was to set up a limited monarchy, perhaps under an "English prince" (the Hohenzollerns being completely discredited). Perhaps that was a pipe dream, but yet it might have worked better than the parliamentary mess that actually existed — and that was just as messy in France and Italy.

It is just possible that the British system, though some of it may seem flummery to us, might work out better on the Continent than the sort of thing that we in the United States call Democracy. Certainly, the Germans, from the time of Tacitus, have always had an enormous respect for strong and imposing authority; the "chieftain" principle is in their blood, and Hitler was clever in adopting the title "Führer." How this principle is to be reconciled with the essential human liberties and international decencies upon which we must insist, that, I suspect, is a problem to be solved by the Germans themselves, when they have been taught by hard experience that the "Herrenvolk" is a myth.

JOHN SCHOLTE NOLLEN
Grinnell, Iowa

On "The Case Against P. R."

To the Editor: The articles in the Spring 1943 number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, "The Case for Proportional Representation" by George H. Hallett, Jr. and "The Case against Proportional Representation" by Professor F. A. Hermens, are a continuation of the jousting between perhaps the most valiant champion and challenger of that system of voting. Their scholarly salvos in your pages presuppose a knowledge of the P. R. system and its workings which is probably not possessed by all your readers.

The vulnerability of Professor Hermens in his assaults on the P. R. System is his failure to recognize that there are different systems of P. R. He has in mind the "Bound List" plan which was used in Germany and in other countries to which he refers as proof that the P. R. System tends to divide and multiply parties. In the List System, the voter has a limited choice. He is permitted to vote only for the slate of candidates selected by a particular party. Naturally, if he does not wish to vote for these, he seeks to set up a new party with a list of, to him, satisfactory candidates. The Bound List System does, therefore, make for numerous parties. Mr. John H. Humphreys, secretary of the Proportional Representation Society of London, in an illuminating rejoinder to Mr. Hermens, "On 'Proportional Representation and the Breakdown of German Democracy'" in the May 1937 number of *Social Research*, contrasts the Hare System with "proportional representation of the German kind." The system that is sponsored by Mr. Hallett, Mr. Humphreys, and other friends of P. R. is not that system at all, but is the totally different P. R. Hare System with the single transferable vote used in a number of cities in the United States and in Canada, the Irish Free State, Tasmania, and elsewhere by which the voter is permitted to vote, should he so desire, in the order of his choice for as many candidates as are standing for election. On the other hand, he may, if he chooses, vote for a less number even than the number to be elected, or for but one. Under this Hare System, the vast majority of voters will find some satisfactory candidate or candidates in the party selections of the usual two major groups or sometimes in a small number of independents who may stand for election. There is thus no need for additional parties and the "splinter" party evil which distresses Professor Hermens has not, in practice, resulted where the Hare System of P. R. is used.

Next, Professor Hermens's diatribe against P. R. is largely, so far as concerns this country, along theoretical lines, not supported by actual experience. He suggests that in the social sciences we should consider the merits of the argument rather than the merits of the persons who advance it. But, is it not an argument, for instance, that the fifth edition of the *Model City Charter* put out in 1941 as the result of the work of a distinguished committee of twenty-nine famous in the field of government, provides for P. R. as the preferable system of election? And is it not also an argument in favor of P. R. that its introduction and retention in city elections have invariably been opposed by evil machines? Plainly, they have opposed P. R. because it makes their blighting rule more tenuous.

Mr. Hermens argues there are other systems of election which are better than the P. R. System. Here, again, actual experience in this country is against him. In, for example, the Cincinnati School District (not co-terminus with the city) there is a small board of seven elected on a non-partisan, ordinary voting ballot. For years, the Republican organization machine has been in con-

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trol of this board and none of the approximately forty thousand Democratic voters in the district had representation on it, until recently two of their candidates prevailed and then largely because of voting along religious lines. In Ohio, judges, also, are elected on a non-partisan ballot. Here, again, the cohesive minority, styling itself the Republican Party, although outnumbered by independent Republicans and Democrats, has elected substantially all of the judges. Mr. Hermens quotes a statement: "Democracy is the protection of minorities by the rule of majority." In the present unrepresentative, controlled "Republican" General Assembly of Ohio, the majority protects the minority, as is done in Axis countries, by taking it into protective custody. These examples can be multiplied indefinitely.

Assuming, as Mr. Hermens would have us do, there may be some system of election better than P. R. which has been tried in many places with success over a period of years, it does not seem persuasive to suggest that good results attained with so much labor and difficulty should be abandoned for experiment or for proven failure.

MURRAY SEASONGOOD
Cincinnati, Ohio

On "Freedom and the Liberal Arts"

To the Editor: One bad habit of those who champion liberal education (*quorum pars minima fui*) is vagueness of reference. "A broader sense of human values"; "the education of the free man"; "avoidance of narrowly utilitarian aims"; "the things of the mind": the generalized phrase evokes a pious sympathy in those who already share the view, but does little to convince an opponent. We all know liberal education has meant a lot to us and we wouldn't have missed it for anything, but we need to get down to brass tacks.

In times like these, why not come out boldly and state the fact? — that the liberal studies, though dealing with wider areas of human or other relationships ("sociology" rather than "office management," "physics" rather than "welding," "literature" rather than "short-story writing") are ultimately as vocational as any others. That is why they are indispensable. If they were left out of formal education, their content would have to be acquired from some other source — as often happens anyway.

All politicians and statesmen, publicists and poets, clergymen and labor organizers, as well as most salesmen, many postmasters of the first class, and not a few athletes, are practicing trades for which liberal studies, in or out of school, are a vocational preparation. Furthermore, the inconspicuous man, contributing his unenlightened bit to a reactionary public opinion, is as much engaged then in getting his living as he is while shoeing a horse.

Hence the primary question is not *whether* there should be liberal study, but by whom, under what circumstances, and according to what pattern in the individual case. If we can solve the problem of how to equip the future secretary of state with the necessary 247 semester hours of history, without necessarily requiring four years of Latin for everyone who exercises the franchise, liberal education might compete in appeal with an efficiently planned course in stenography, where objectives can be so precisely stated.

In short, it isn't so much a matter of keeping the torch alight as it is of going down and fixing the furnace. Granted that we have a first-class product; how do we get it on the market in the right kind of packages? We want the public not only to buy it for the free premiums but to use it in every room in the house.

To sum up my theoretical point: The distinction between "liberal" and "vocational" studies should be a distinction of scope, not aim. Both aim at the same thing — competence in coping with life. Hence, all true study is vocational, because of its bearing on the individual's life-struggle. The distinction between "earning a living" and "employment of leisure" is a linguistic convenience, not a philosophical reality. Therefore, liberal education is not only desirable, it is absolutely unavoidable; no one can escape it. The only problem is, where shall one get it, and what shall be its content and pattern. Solve this problem, in relation to the actual individuals who are being educated, and there will be no lack of those who want the education.

MYRON H. BROOMELL
Urbana, Ohio

To the Editor: Mr. Wendell Willkie's "Freedom and the Liberal Arts" in the Spring issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR recalls to the mind of any thoughtful reader the deficiencies of his own education. For we are almost all alike, having been trained in the belief that social prestige and financial gain are the ends to which we are committed.

The distressing fact is that such commitments do not lead to citizenship. How can we become free if we lack the mental discipline to distinguish between truth and error, good and evil, justice and injustice? The contemporary man or

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woman with a college or a university degree is the victim of so much "information" and misguided reasoning that the balance of his life must be spent in unlearning what he thought he knew, in reconsidering what he has failed to reason out, and in rediscovering the ends to which he must be committed.

We want education, not because it is something most people do not have and because it would place us above our fellows; we want education because it is indispensable to freedom, to democracy, and to intelligent and responsible citizenship. But, unfortunately, not every one wants education. Instead almost everyone wants more money, more leisure time in which to spend his money, and more goods for which his money can be spent. If everyone wanted more education the paradox of a land of plenty in which people are ill-housed, poorly clothed, and undernourished would tend to resolve itself.

The question, then, as I see it, is how to encourage people to want more education, more responsibility in citizenship, and a fuller and more abundant life. The solution of this problem, I should think, follows closely on the heels of the problem of the content of education and the best method of presenting it to the community.

AUBREY B. HAINES
Pomona, Calif.

Our Authors

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, a newly elected member of the Editorial Board of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, is author of "Theodore Parker, Intellectual Gourmand," leading article in the Summer 1943 issue. Mr. Commager recently returned from England where he spent the first term of the year in teaching at Emmanual College, Cambridge, on leave from his professorship of history at Columbia University.

LOUIS B. WRIGHT, a member of the permanent research staff of the Huntington Library in California, has known the South as a newspaper reporter, an editor, and a college teacher of English. In 1933 Mr. Wright wrote for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR on the history and organization of the Huntington Library. His most recent book is on English expansion in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

The Author of "Formosa and Japan's 'Peace'" is known to the members of the Editorial Board, but his request for anonymity must be respected by the magazine. He speaks from first-hand knowledge born of several years lived in Formosa.

CHARLES A. MADISON, college editor for Henry Holt and Company, has contributed to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR: "Yiddish Goes to Press" (Winter 1938–39), "Perish the Jew" (Summer 1939), "Brooks Adams, Caustic Cassandra" (Spring 1940). In spite of his contributions also to such periodicals as *Twice A Year*, *The Antioch Review*, and *The New England Quarterly*, Mr. Madison says his "work is relatively very meager and done during leisure hours."

CHARLES I. LONG, who wrote "These Glorified Reptiles, Birds," for the Spring 1941 AMERICAN SCHOLAR, says that "I turned my back on stuffy scientific research and wrote allegorical fables; then scientific things with a dash of poetry in them; then finally a book. The book must languish, for no publisher wants a first novel these days."

NORRIS HOUGHTON, Lt. (jg), U.S.N.R., was formerly program coordinator of radio's "Cavalcade of America," a New York stage designer, a Rockefeller Foundation research student, and director of dramatics at Princeton University. Mr. Houghton's book *Advance from Broadway* followed his AMERICAN SCHOLAR article "'Standing Room Only' in Moscow" (Autumn 1936).

ADDISON HIBBARD, dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Northwestern University, is known to AMERICAN SCHOLAR readers as the author of the article on education, "Alma Mater's Slipper" which appeared in the Summer 1933 issue.

KARL K. DARROW, member of the technical staff of the Bell Telephone Laboratories since 1917, has supplemented his technical work by teaching at Stanford University, the University of Chicago, Columbia University, and Smith College. His published works include the books *Electrical Phenomena in Gases* and *Renaissance of Physics*.

Now the organizer of study groups for the Royal Institute of International Affairs, SIR ALEXANDER FREDERICK WHYTE previously served his country as president of the Legislative Association of India, 1920–25; political adviser to the National Government of China, 1929–32; Director-General of the English Speaking Union for the British Empire, 1938; and head of the American Division of the British Ministry of In-

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formation, 1939–40. His published books include *China and Foreign Powers* and *The Future of East and West.*

BERTRAM D. WOLFE did graduate work at the University of Mexico and taught in Mexico City prior to 1934, when he became a free-lance writer. His books include *Civil War in Spain*, 1937, and *Diego Rivera: His Life and Times*, 1939.

President of the American Astronomical Society, Director of the Washburn Observatory of the University of Wisconsin, and associate of the Mount Wilson Observatory, JOEL STEBBINS specializes in stellar photometry. He is the recipient of awards from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the National Academy of Sciences, and the Astronomical Society of the Pacific.

ALFRED E. COHN has been a member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research since 1911, specializing in investigations in clinical medicine. A graduate of Columbia University, Dr. Cohn studied also at the University of Freiburg, the University of Vienna, and the University College in London.

MARY EVELYN CLARKE, professor of philosophy at Smith College, returned from the Orient last fall after an exciting year tinged with peril following Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor. Miss Clarke's subjects of research, leading to published books and articles, have been the theory of value, phenomenology, and the philosophy of religion.

JERE ABBOTT, director of the Smith College Museum of Art, did not turn to art until after he had completed scientific study at Bowdoin and Harvard. In 1929 he assisted in the founding of New York's Museum of Modern Art, serving as associate director.

As secretary of the American Forestry Association and editor of its magazine, *American Forests*, OVID BUTLER has travelled throughout this country and Europe to study forestry and to promote its conservation. He has recently published a revised edition of his *American Forests.*

HENRY C. TAYLOR, director of the Farm Foundation, works for the improvement of rural living conditions. He is the author of four editions of *Agricultural Economics.*

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